MACLEANS

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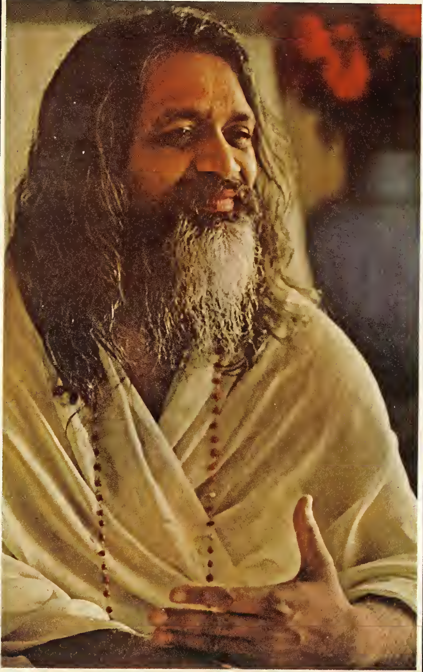

MY 3 WEEKS WITH THE MAHARISHI

P26

Do we really need the rich?

How I cured my uncommon cold

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JUNE, 1968 VOLUME 81 NUMBER 6

BACKSTAGE IN OTTAWA
With Blair Fraser

Why political strategists could hardly care less about the "under-25" vote

AMONG THE CLICHÉS commonly cited to prove that politicians must appeal to youth or else fail in this young country, the commonest is to say "half the population of Canada is under 25." The statement is almost true, but in political terms it is quite without meaning.

Nearly half the Canadian people are indeed under 25 — some 9.8 million out of 20 million, according to the 1966 census — but only 1.4 million of these are old enough to vote. Among 11.2 million voters they are 12.5 percent, or exactly one in eight. And though they are the largest of the five-year age groups into which the census figures are broken down, outnumbering the next youngest voters by about 220,000, they are still less than one fifth as numerous as that vast army of the middle-aged and the elderly, the 7.4 million electors who are 35 and older and who still comprise two thirds of the Canadian electorate.

Moreover there is no evidence that young voters are a bloc, actual or potential. Trends can be noted among university students, somewhat more inclined than their elders to be left of centre, but they are a small minority even of their own group. So, among the many sets of figures now being fed into computers by all political parties, the age brackets are perhaps the least important.

Most useful, though they too can be overestimated, are the records of what the voters did last time, only two and one half years ago. Redistribution has shifted the boundaries of almost every riding, but the votes were recorded poll by poll, and it is easy to determine what the result would have been had the 1965 election been run in the constituencies of 1968.

The Liberals would have won it with a small but adequate majority, 136 seats out of 265. Conservatives would have got five fewer than they actually did, partly because Saskatchewan's Tory phalanx would have been only 13 instead of 17. The NDP would have had a bit more, Socreds and Creditistes a bit less. Not a vast change from what happened, but enough to have altered the nature of parliament and probably enough to have made a 1968 election unnecessary.

How much do these figures mean as a guide to voting patterns today? Never an easy question to answer, this is a harder one now than ever before. Public opinion polls have been more volatile and less predictable in the past eight months than usual.

Normally they have stayed fairly close to election results. Liberals have had something close to 40 percent, with a high of 44 percent in early 1966. Conservatives hover between 30 percent and 35 percent, the NDP 16 percent to 18 percent with occasional surges into the twenties. But the Conservative convention last September sent their Gallup rating up to the stratospheric level of 43 percent, a lead from which they had sagged only slightly by the end of the year. Not until February, on the eve of the Liberal government's defeat on the tax bill and the ensuing parliamentary crisis, did the Tories sink to a normal 34 percent and the Liberals bounce back to 42 percent. Then came the Liberals' turn to reap the sensational gains of a televised convention.

Not just Gallup figures but a private survey of their own gave them an almost incredible lead — 52 percent across the land, better than 50 percent almost everywhere. It would have been literally incredible but for one thing: it gave them a probable zero in Nova Scotia, Robert Stanfield's home territory, "and that," said a Liberal strategist, "helped us to believe the rest of the report."

Whatever voters compose this massive Liberal lump, it's evidently not confined to the one eighth under 25 or even the one third under 35. Maybe it includes the greater fraction of the 49.9 percent who are female, but even that is not certain. There is ample evidence that Prime Minister Trudeau is attractive to female voters, as well as to female future voters, but do women necessarily vote for a man they find attractive? Do they incline instead to vote for the more sedate and sober type, the father figure? (In chronological age Pierre Trudeau and Robert Stanfield are within six years of each other, but their images are a generation apart.)

The obvious strategy in this situation is for the Liberals to play a defensive game, conserving the lead and trying to avoid errors, and for the Progressive-Conservatives, with less to lose, to adopt the offensive. Neither course seems quite in character for the two leaders, but both seem to be followed in the early stages of the campaign.

The only thing now apparent that might disturb this tranquil prospect is the triangular duel between Ottawa on one side, Quebec City and Paris on the other. A sudden escalation in mid-campaign would cause profound embarrassment for the Liberals. Liberals are not ignoring this danger, but neither do they take it too seriously. Any initiative by France, they feel, would be considered beneath the dignity of Le Grand Charles. As for Premier Daniel Johnson, dearly as he might wish to confound political foes at home, he has cares abroad to restrain him. He urgently needs more money from New York bankers — and at the moment, playing games with de Gaulle is no way to win friends in New York.

How J. A. Ménard plans to save us all from the separatists

Canada Wide

"THE VIGILANTS aim to fight separatism in all its forms," J. Alexandre Ménard told a Montreal television audience one Friday night last February — and throughout the weekend the CBC switchboard was clogged with responsive calls.

By the following Monday, the movement that began as a bet several months before and found 28,000 supporters without the aid of publicity, had passed the 33,000-member mark and was still growing.

Just who *are* the Vigilants for a United Canada?

According to Ménard, they are "citizens of Canada . . . of all provinces, without regard for ethnic origin, faith or color." Today, three months after that first television exposure, he claims a membership of 1,200,000 Vigilants across Canada.

Ménard himself, a burly, six-foot bachelor who served with the Van Doos during the last war, hadn't been doing much of anything until he undertook last year to tangle with the Quebec separatists. In 1953 he was working as a research scientist at the Lawrence Radiation Centre in Berkeley, California, when a furnace exploded. Suffering from radiation exposure, he retired from his job, returned to Quebec, spent fifteen years in and out of hospital and lost a lung in the process.

So he had plenty of time on his hands to argue about the state of the nation, and it was after just such an argument last fall that he and several friends undertook to knock on doors in their neighborhood. To anyone who claimed to oppose separatism, Ménard handed a membership card — and so the Vigilants for a United Canada was born, "non-violent, non-political and non-profit."

Besides championing federalism, the Vigilants side with the angels on most other issues as well.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," says the movement's constitution in one of its many surges of heightened prose.

Vigilants are dedicated to "Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom of Language, Freedom of Press and Liberty for All." And, with a biblical twist, the constitution goes on: "The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance, which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."

Who can oppose such virtue? Jean Lesage couldn't: he became a card-carrying member some time ago — number 41,000. Prime Minister Trudeau accepted "with pleasure" in a telephone conversation with Ménard, who hopes to go to Ottawa to present the PM with his membership card.

Provincial premiers will be invited to join, probably through the local organizations now being established in each province.

In the Vigilants' tiny Montreal office, above a cluster of stores on the far-eastern reaches of Sherbrooke Street, bilingual volunteers man telephones far past normal office hours.

Ménard says he has worked from eight a.m. till two a.m. seven days a week for the past four months and has spent nearly $15,000 of his own money (I am getting broke') Operating expenses in the name of Canadian unity — including the red white and-blue letterhead paper — have cost him and a dozen other hard-core Vigilants almost $75 000

Working through a network of friends and business acquaintances, Ménard and his executive found support early on from all parts of the country (Even in darkest Miami an expatriate Canadian was inspired to reassert his federalist beliefs) But the great bulk of the Vigilants about 60,000 are Quebecers and of these at least 80 percent are French Canadians

To anyone remotely familiar with current Quebec thinking even at its most moderate, the Vigilant philosophy is, to put it kindly politically naive

"Quebec is like any other province and Quebecers are just Canadians no more no less" one French Canadian worker told me earnestly "We are all brothers in a united Canada"

"René Lévesque's only chance" Ménard decided, after attending the Mouvement Souveraineté Association convention late in April, "is as an alternative to the two major parties If they don't stop their squabbling he might have a chance But I don't really think he holds a candle anywhere

One test of Vigilants' loyalty will come soon, when membership fees begin costing $3 Until recently membership was free and, says Ménard, "the numbers will drop a bit A lot of people just like to have something for nothing"

How do the Vigilants plan to save Canadian unity apart from printing membership cards?

☐ A 16-page magazine, in English and French is in the works, to explain federalism and counter separatist distortions

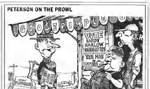
☐ A student singing group called The Young Canadians will cross the country this summer by trailer to promote both the Vigilants and the successor to Expo Man and His World For the occasion they've composed a new song entitled *I am a Canadian* All that's missing now is somebody to donate a trailer

☐ And despite his protestations about being non political Ménard has recently been making noises about running for office "If no one opposes Lévesque and his MSA I will throw my hat in the ring and beat him in his own riding I will, of course resign from the Vigilants

"The existing Quebec parties are doing nothing about separatism" he says "The people are looking for someone they can depend on Something like Les Fédéralistes Québécois might give them their answer"

ELIZABETH GRAY

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



Certainly I've worn turtleneck sweaters certainly I've had a 21-day economy group tour of Europe certainly I can quote Bliss Carman — but there's more to me than just another swinging image"

Joey made college "free" in Newfoundland –and then came the crunch ...

Capital Press

TO JOEY SMALLWOOD's Newfoundland government the change in policy was just another austerity measure But to the 5,000 students at Memorial University of Newfoundland in St John's it was a direct attack at that most sensitive of student sensitivities, the pocketbook When the students report back to school next fall a goodly number will, for the first time in two years, be paying tuition fees.

It all started on October 6, 1965 a month before the last federal election, when Joey visited Memorial campus There before a general meeting of the students union he announced a program that was hailed as a milestone in Canadian educational reform. Financial and social barriers to higher education in Newfoundland were to be eliminated, Joey told the cheering students Starting in 1966-67 academic year all tuition fees at the university would be paid by the government. And what's more the students would be paid salaries as well Starting in 1966-67, a fourth-year student would get a living allowance of $100 a month if his home was outside St. John's and $50 a month if his home was in town The allowance level would be lowered a year at a time until in 1970-71, all students would be on salary, *if funds were available*

At the time there were opposition cries that Joey was just trying to buy the youth vote for the federal Liberals in the coming election The students it was pointed out were still upset about Lester Pearson's failure to deliver his promised $10 million worth of scholarships, and a national student lobby had been mounted to make this an issue in the campaign

But the charge of playing politics was apparently unfounded The program went ahead as scheduled The first hint of something wrong was the announcement in January that the allowance level would not be lowered in 1968 69 to include second-year students. Then on March 29 as part of an austerity budget that raised sales taxes and special taxes (gasoline cigarettes, liquor), the government announced that the scheme in its present form is to be abandoned

Of course no student will be kept out of university for lack of funds the government vowed Financial aid will be available for those who qualify through a "needs test" (this is apparently different from a means test, but in what way no one seems to know) 'If 100 percent of the students need free tuition and salaries, then 100 percent will get it," says Dr F W Rowe Minister of Education

"We have not abandoned the principle of the program Dr Rowe explains "It is just that the money situation is tight and we have to tighten our belts next year The scheme last year cost $2½ million. By instituting the needs test the government hopes to pare this to $2 million this year

Public reaction has been a stoic acceptance of another austerity measure and Memorial's recently appointed president the British Labor peer Lord Taylor has gone on record in support of the cutback Student reaction however in the words of John Frecker, the students union president, is "pretty well universally opposed" to the reductions (Frecker's father, incidentally is a member of Joey's cabinet)

Specifically, the students are beginning to have doubts about the purity of Joey's motives in originally introducing the scheme. "The government is using the university as a political football" Frecker told a students' council meeting after the announcement "The premier announced free tuition a month before the last federal election with all kinds of fanfares. People said then that he was buying votes Now it looks as if they're right The university is being used"

The students are also questioning whether or not a means test (the students refuse to call it a needs test) can actually save money "The burden of proof that a means test will save money and still keep the university open to every qualified Newfoundlander rests with the government" a students union press statement said Comparing the tests to those used by welfare recipients the statement said many people would refuse to take them because it would imply begging

Under normal circumstances some sort of protest action would have been mounted, student president Frecker says, but with exams just around the corner when the announcement was made everyone was too busy studying The only action so far has been to challenge Joey to a public debate on the subject (no reply at time of writing)

"But don't think protest has been ruled out" Frecker adds "We are planning to work through the summer preparing presentations to the government Come September, if there is no action, there will probably be some form of protest It could be a boycott of classes or a refusal to pay fees"

The government, however is fully aware of the students' objections Dr Rowe says An appeal board which will have student members will be set up to hear complaints about cases administered under the scheme This will provide for any person who feels he is not getting justice"

In any case more students will be paying fees next fall Part of the modified program will be integrated with the Canada Student Loan Program and any award will probably be part loan and part grant Which seems a long way from the 'free university education" that students originally thought they'd be getting

TERRY CAMPBELL

Authorized as second-class mail Post Office Department, Ottawa.

How some prairie kids began airing their beefs and accidentally started a magazine

HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS traditionally spend a lot of time rebelling — or at least talking about it Occasionally some enterprising kids push one idea — and the result is something like the Vancouver "free school" called Knowplace (*Maclean's Reports* December) Last year a group of high school students in Saskatoon were grumbling about the censorship of their school papers Talk turned to how great it would be to have a magazine of their own — and the idea, surprisingly didn't die

"We just kept thinking about it," says 18-year-old Dennis Bueckert the magazine's first editor, "After all, some of the damndest people had started magazines Why not us?"

The first issue of *Generation* appeared last June The fifth issue, or four more than we thought we'd have," is being published currently — and all without help from adults. 'All we got from the adult community" Bueckert remembers, 'was their considered opinion that it couldn't be done That was fine with us it provided the incentive we needed to go ahead and do it.'

Generation is no sophomoric blurred sheet of paper dashed off on an underground mimeograph machine. It is a 24 page glossy magazine that looks highly professional Its articles deal with education drugs apathy, hippies and what's happening in Saskatoon The high-school institution is the chief target "I am constantly amazed at how rotten it is," Bueckert says

Six months after *Generation*'s success (circulation 2,500 price 35 cents), Bueckert and his associates began wondering whether they could do something about the state of young people's social activities in Saskatoon.

"The situation was horrendous The dances got so bad nobody would rent us a hall If it wasn't the grease starting fights, it was swarms of teeny-boppers"

To change all that, the young reformers organized a group called YES — for Youth Enthusiasm Saskatoon

YES restricted its membership to students in grades 11 and 12 and began holding dances where teeny-boppers and suspected troublemakers got turned away at the door A YES membership card now seems like a bargain for a dollar, it entitles the holder to cut rate prices at YES dances and admission to other activities

Now Bueckert and Dyck see YES as a means of fighting the conformity and apathy fostered in the high school system "Now that we've got all the activists together in one place, we can start plotting its (the system's) demise.

YES has signed up 800 of Saskatoon's 3 000 high-school students, despite the authorities, who won't permit YES activities in schools. As one official says, 'We are very *very* pleased with their attitude, but feel they should be given *some* adult guidance — so they can develop responsibility in a healthy and sound way"

That attitude drives the YES-men right up the wall "If they're so pleased why do they keep mumbling that we can't operate in the schools because we're too controversial?"

Some teenagers suspect the authorities are simply biding their time until YES's founders graduate out of the group But Bueckert, for one is sure there'll be plenty of younger boat-rockers still in the ranks.

"I'm perfectly confident" he says, "that YES is here to stay"

LINDA MITCHELL

Generation's compendium of classroom capers

EVEN IF *Generation* proved nothing else about Saskatoon's teenagers, it would still seem worthwhile for the way it demonstrates that the so-called generation gap is often no gap at all Exhibit A? *Generation*'s recent *Anthology of Classic Classroom Games* — most of them teacher taunters that were old even when kids were still reassembling farmers wagons on the ridgepoles of little red schoolhouses.

COUGH VIOLENTLY Consists of throwing violent coughing fits Can be varied with sneezing, hiccoughing, burping and/or stomach seizures

MASS SYNCHRONIZED SPAZZ As above, but involving group participation Coughing *etc* can be done in unison or in "chains." Variations include Mass Coordinated Shoe Tie, and Drop Your Books

PENCIL Includes dropping throwing, flipping sharpening breaking and spinning rulers on, Variations unlimited.

DODGE Usually strenuous and spontaneous Starts with throwing of spitballs or chalk, progresses through books and geometry sets to briefcases

SQUEAK Ingredients chalk or fingernail on blackboard Results invariably devastating

PASSING Victims' books are lifted and passed to the farthest reaches of the classroom or in more sophisticated versions out the window or into the girls' washroom

CHANGE YOUR NAME Played early in the season or on substitute teachers, Names are switched leaving teacher unable to identify anyone Top score given when two entire classes change names with each other

MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM? May be played by one person repeatedly or by a group Timing is essential

GUM Played in four steps usually taking a full year to complete (a) establish reputation as nasty gum chewer. (b) now *pretend* to chew gum act indignant when accused (c) chew anything *but* gum and (d) with the teacher now afraid to ask what you are chewing, you can go back to chewing gum

MIME Object to convince old boring typing teachers that they are deaf Method Entire class mimes conversation, mimes vigorous typing *etc*

BRA-STRAP AND DUCK (a) pull brassiere strap — not too hard and (b) duck before victim reacts

Q: What's one sight the Mexicans hope you WON'T see at the 1968 Olympics? A: Canadian hippies

MEXICO CITY Somebody dubbed it "the world's biggest pot roast," and it was enough to turn any hippie to tears. Out at a west-coast resort called Mazatlan Mexican soldiers confiscated 38 tons of marijuana from local farms, gathered it up into a haystack said to be worth eight million dollars and set it alight with flame-throwers

Buzzards native to the region are normally languid, but as the smoke rose they began wheeling and diving at high speeds — turned on by what Mexican authorities proudly referred to as the largest single narcotics bonfire in history In any case it was the Mexican government's most spectacular move yet in a campaign not only to wipe out the illicit marijuana growing industry but to clean up the whole country in time for the Olympic Games in October

Young Canadians and Americans who want to get into Mexico are finding it hard these days to get tourist visas if they're hippies, or at least look like hippies Inside the country there's a quiet purge going on Young foreigners wearing beards and sandals are being seized and deported without warning or trial San Miguel de Allende an art colony north of Mexico City with roughly 500 semi-permanent Canadian residents was the target of one roundup Twenty suspected flower-children were picked up by plain-clothes members of the federal police force held for a few days in the local jail then taken on a special bus to the border

The roundup has had a noticeable effect on the town Two years ago, visiting San Miguel I found the benches in the main square a popular roosting spot for bands of flower-power advocates this spring, on a return visit I saw only one man with unusually long hair, and he was a vacationing dentist from Manitoba

"This place is almost potless now an art student told me. 'Nobody wants to be caught with the stuff if there's another sudden roundup"

In contrast with their successful raids in San Miguel and other smaller centres in the interior (17 Canadian and American citizens were deported from Oaxaca in the south because of their interest in hallucinogenic mushrooms), the federal police are making only slow, steady progress on the west coast.

Villages like San Blas, remote and laxly patrolled by local police have remained meccas for "pot" pilgrims seeking low-cost high-quality drugs (LSD and "speed" included) and cheap living accommodations Marijuana is sold more or less openly on beaches and in certain cafés usually by young Canadians and Americans

"It's becoming a tighter situation up and down the coast said a New Yorker staying in San Blas "The federal police are menacing everyone who looks like a pot-head You never know who the cops are, either A friend of mine got busted by two guys in business suits driving a Volkswagen with California plates."

Still he said marijuana and other drugs are readily available, and unless a lot more full-scale raids are made on supply sources, he doubted if the police could seriously curtail activities in the coastal villages It is he said just too widespread.

In Mexico City police have been constantly hounding known hippie hangouts, making arrests and deporting or jailing foreign offenders The so-called "pink zone," a downtown district, has been hit numerous times by federal officers. For one big round-up several streets were blocked off and suspects nabbed as police closed the net. In all, 12 American and Mexican suspects were charged.

(The University of the Americas in Mexico City has declared its support for the government drive. The board of trustees announced that hippies are not welcome on campus. An official grooming policy banned long hair, blue jeans and bushy beards for men and stretch pants, slacks and micro-skirts for women.)

The nation-wide hippie purge got into high gear last winter when several Mexican newspapers published rumors that a World Hippie Convention was to be held in Cuernavaca to coincide with the Games. Cuernavaca is a tourist centre about an hour's bus ride from Mexico City, and government officials were upset by the prospect of Games visitors taking home recollections of thousands of hippies blowing their minds in public places.

Dr. Bruce Vickers, representing Cuernavaca's mayor, wrote to the English language *News*: "Let us manifest our indignation against any blemish to our customs and traditions. We cannot permit that the city of eternal spring, where the highest principles of hospitality have always reigned, be muddied by strange and exotic creeds."

TED FERGUSON

FORECASTS

A new all-Canadian liqueur? A musical clue to your sexual maturity? A detergent foam to keep the Seaway open?

WATCH FOR a new all-Canadian liqueur — made from maple syrup. Three varieties of it (and two kinds of wine as well) have already been produced clandestinely by a scientist who rigged up a still from lab equipment in the Food Research Institute at the federal Experimental Farm in Ottawa. A panel of nine laymen pronounced both wines acceptable and a 26-man panel which picked one of the liqueurs as especially pleasant and flavorful had its choice confirmed later by a professional taster. Next step: getting a commercial distiller interested.

THE DAY could come when your friendly neighborhood psychiatrist will trade in his couch for a closetful of musical instruments. According to doctors at a Massachusetts state hospital, the tune you like to hum and the musical instrument you choose to play are both tell-tale clues to your psychosexual development. By testing patients the doctors found percussion instruments symbolize "sex, masculinity and aggression"; the flute is basically masculine but also presents "a high voiced element of bisexuality"; the cello is female-shaped like the violin, but lower-voiced, and the bass viol with its gruff, deep tones would appeal to a woman with masculine traits. Testing hummers' preferences, the doctors found Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* is "a startling example of sexual expression" and Ravel's *Bolero* is (unsurprisingly) "frankly erotic."

NOW ENGINEERS will soon be spreading foam over public waterways on *purpose*. Not the billowy detergent foam that's famous as the ludicrous side affect of modern home laundering but specially made foams lately devised by government researchers to solve several familiar old problems. One foam, made from pulp-and-paper mill waste, has been developed with an eye to keeping the St. Lawrence Seaway ice-free for an abnormally long period each winter. Scientists believe the foam could be spread over the Seaway to act as an insulation blanket against ice. They hope to try the same foam on sewage-disposal lagoons to improve efficiency in winter. Another foam, made by chemically processed chicken feathers, has been used successfully as a frost blanket over tomato plants. When the foam collapses it leaves a residue that serves as fertilizer.

YOUR TEDIOUS TRIPS to the appliance repair shop could soon be over. Proctor-Silex has just introduced a steam iron made of five snap-together parts. If one breaks down, you just snap out the defective part, snap in a replacement part from the local hardware or department store. The iron is the first of a line of small electric appliances made in the same snap-together fashion.

THOSE INTERNATIONAL crisis-makers, the spy-in-the-sky military airplanes, have contributed an unexpected benefit to the medical world. Their most famous gadget, the 3-D camera that enables observers to measure the size of objects on the ground, is being adapted for X-ray photography. In the medical application, doctors will be able to measure and locate precisely such internal objects as tumors. The device, soon to be offered to the medical profession by a Malton, Ont. firm, uses two synchronized cameras and, later, a special projector.

EDITORIAL

Why we don't believe voters will be sidetracked by all that phony talk about "issues"

ALL THE POLITICAL PARTIES are piously declaring that they want this election campaign to be fought on issues, not on personalities. But when they try to define the "issues" the results are semantically curious.

Where is the "issue" in unemployment, when everyone is against it? Nobody calls for a truce in the war on poverty, or campaigns in favor of regional disparities. Everybody wants national unity, and the prime minister's hope for a "just society" is not being countered by any demands for an unjust one. Insofar as these are "issues" at all, they are merely variants on the basic issue of competence: which party or which leader is best equipped to attain the goals for which all of them are aiming?

It is in means, not ends, that the true issues emerge, and several have already been defined. One is the guaranteed annual income. Mr. Stanfield has declared in favor of it, while warning that it "can only be accomplished as our economy expands to meet the challenge." Mr. Trudeau, before he became prime minister, dismissed the guaranteed minimum income as theoretically attractive but too simple, too broad and too blunt an instrument to deal with the complex problems of poverty and economic disadvantage.

Another difference, less clear-cut but still discernible, is on the relations between Ottawa and the provinces, particularly Quebec. Mr. Trudeau has come out flatly against the "two nations" theory and in favor of a Canada in all parts of which the two major cultural communities shall be made equally at home; he is against the "little empires" of provincial politicians, and against a "special status" that would, in his view, enclose Quebec in a provincial ghetto, and actually diminish the status of French-speaking Canadians on the national plane.

Mr. Stanfield has not taken the opposite of any of these positions, but in general he has taken a softer line. The most recent example was his expressed opinion that the Liberal government, under both Pearson and Trudeau, made too much fuss about the "Gabon affair" — the presence of Quebec among sovereign ex-colonies of France at education conferences in Libreville and in Paris. Mr. Trudeau takes this matter very seriously; Mr. Stanfield apparently does not.

But are these "issues" really the index on which Canadians should base their decision on June 25?

Frankly, we doubt it. Certainly there would be considerable difference between a Stanfield and a Trudeau administration, but we don't believe this difference is accurately predictable from campaign speeches, or from either man's intentions however sincere.

We suspect that the average voter will make his choice not on the "issues" at all, but on the much-deplored basis of "personalities" — not on what the aspirants say they will do, but on his own appraisal of what kind of men they are. And, though it may be heresy to say so, we think that in this respect the average voter is right.

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(left) Parisienne 2+2 Sport Coupe. (right) Firebird Hardtop Coupe with optional vinyl roof and wire wheel covers.

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MACLEAN'S INTERVIEWS

JOHN PORTER

Back in the salad days of this country when we were even greener in judgment than we are now, a couple of extremely popular misconceptions somehow became firmly imbedded in the national consciousness. The first was that Canada while no melting pot was a splendid mosaic of culturally distinct ethnic groups all working harmoniously together. The second was that this New World mosaic lacked the inherently rigid class distinctions of the Old; that Canada was a relatively affluent and largely middle-class democracy. This complacent picture of ourselves started to fall apart about 10 years ago, first with Quebec's Quiet Revolution and later with the publication in 1965 of John Porter's sociological bombshell The Vertical Mosaic. *In 600 well-documented, highly readable pages Professor Porter tabulated the enormous inequalities of income and opportunity in Canada's supposedly classless society, demonstrated that only about 10 percent of Canadian families can actually afford the middle-class life-style we think of as average and concluded that effective power resides in a predominantly Anglo-Saxon economic elite that is only a few hundred strong. The book has since sold some 25,000 copies — phenomenal for what is basically an academic text — and remains required reading for anyone claiming to understand what Canada is all about. Prof. Porter, born in Vancouver in 1921 and a graduate of the London School of Economics, has been teaching sociology at Ottawa's Carleton University since 1949 and is now the Director of the Social Sciences Division. This interview was conducted by Staff Writer Douglas Marshall in Prof. Porter's bright corner office in one of Carleton's new high-rise towers on the bank of the Rideau River. From his seventh floor window he can gaze across smudgy downtown Ottawa and pick out the Parliament Buildings and the Gatineau Hills beyond. His discussion, animated and fluent, ranged over the broad spectrum of Canada's social problems. But he kept returning to what he believes is the overriding priority: the need to reform our educational institutions.*

"Canada's problem is that its political system leaves definition of major goals — and therefore the power — to the corporate elite"

Maclean's: What prompted you to write *The Vertical Mosaic*?

Porter: I decided in the early 1950s I would like to do a study of power in Canada, starting particularly with economic power as being one of the principal sources of social inequality. These problems had been studied in many other industrial societies but had not been tackled in Canada.

Maclean's: Where were you then?

Porter: I had come back to Canada after being away for some 12 years in the United Kingdom. I am Canadian born and had lived in Canada until I was 15. I spent six years with the Canadian Army during the war, but I stayed in Britain after the war to study at the London School of Economics.

Maclean's: You came back to Carleton?

Porter: Yes, when it was a very small college. Since I had been away from Canada for some time I spent the following summer traveling extensively and decided I would stay here and look at Canada as a society. I was back in England briefly in 1951 and there I tried to work out some sort of scheme by which I could look at power and class structure in Canada.

Maclean's: You say early on in your book that the 1950s marked "the high tide of post-war affluence." Do you think we reached a peak of prosperity during that decade?

Porter: I think that in the 1950s there was a peak in the *belief* that we were an affluent society. And indeed compared to the underdeveloped countries, obviously we were affluent. But we weren't as affluent as we thought we were. It misled us into thinking we lived in a society where everybody enjoyed abundance. I think it's quite remarkable that the 1960s are a decade in which the whole orientation of theorizing and investigating is toward this problem of poverty and inequality.

Maclean's: In your book you are generally dealing with statistics relating to the mid-1950s. Do you think there's been much change over the past 10 years?

Porter: If you mean income distribution statistics, I don't think they've changed. Obviously inflation has lifted the entire range higher — that is, there are more people earning more than $3,000 now than there were five or 10 years ago. But there would be very little difference in the overall income distribution in society.

Maclean's: You wrote that the middle-class life-style projected by television and consumer magazines couldn't be achieved on less than $8,000 a year. Would the cost be $10,000 now?

Porter: I suspect it would be pretty hard to live a middle-class life-style on less than $10,000 at the present time. And by middle-class life-style I mean a separate home for the family, because you have to talk in terms of families rather than individuals. Lots of people own their own homes but they have to share them with other people. They rent out the bottom or top parts of them. So they're not necessarily leading the middle-class life.

Maclean's: What else is involved in the middle-class life?

Porter: It means holidays, sometimes abroad. It means all the necessary medical and dental facilities. It means looking forward to university training for your children. It means two cars if you live in the suburbs and dishwashers and plenty of other kitchen and power tool gadgetry. Middle-class people also have all kinds of status-type extras, such as sending their kids to ballet lessons or nursery schools. Central Mortgage and Housing was saying the other day that the lowest level of income eligible for an NHA mortgage was something more than $8,000. It was quite incredible considering that the National Housing Act was supposed to benefit everybody.

Maclean's: So you think that the people who can afford these things, the upper middle class, is still a very small segment of society — about 10 percent?

Porter: I don't see any reason to feel the basic picture has changed. The proportion of the total population represented by the top 10 percent of income families would be about the same. Because nothing has happened to change it.

Maclean's: In your book you make some pretty harsh criticisms of Canada's present educational systems.

Porter: The educational systems as they exist certainly don't educate enough Canadians for the sort of occupational structure that is now emerging. As long as our educational

/ continued on page 51

Jack Colquhoun does the shopping for the things we need to mine nickel

He recently bought a new plane to help us find more to mine

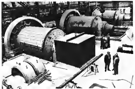
Over the years Jack Colquhoun and the rest of the Purchasing team have learned that the business of mining nickel involves the purchase of all kinds of things

He has also learned that it is costly Inco spends something like $100 000 000 every year with more than a thousand Canadian companies Among our purchases are 200 000 tons of coal 85 000 tons of cement 6 000 tons of explosives 55 000 pairs of plastic gloves Our annual bill for light bulbs is around $300 000, the same price Jack paid last year for a new electronically equipped aeroplane for use in flying surveys to find new sources of nickel to help meet the world s growing demand

The money International Nickel spends every year with secondary industries in Canada makes a substantial contribution to the country s economy

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

As you would expect we go through a lot of drills I guess I have to order around 450 new ones every year



Jack stops by to look at three huge ore-crushing mills recently installed at our new Frood-Stobie site near Copper Cliff Ont

Lumber plays a big role in our mining operations We buy millions of board feet from Canadian lumber companies each year

John Zelmanek

John and Fred Eaton: brothers, close friends and rivals for the top job in the $400-million merchandising empire they'll inherit

THE RICH

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

These and the next 12 pages of Maclean's are about private wealth— who's got it, how they spend it, how they pass it from one generation to the next. The quintessential example: John David Eaton, one of the country's richest and most private men. All his life he's known

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN TOYLAND

It is perhaps the value of privacy and the capacity to afford it which has become the dividing line between the real and the apparent middle class

—*John Porter*, The Vertical Mosaic

IT TOOK 18 MONTHS to get to see John David Eaton — 18 months of strategic lunches at the National Club, of long-distance phone calls to friends-of-friends who might put in a good word, of conversations with evasive secretaries, of meetings with vice-presidents that amounted to bargaining sessions, of drinks in quiet bars with ex-employees who might offer some leads — and by this April I'd developed a sort of obsession about this person who is one of the country's two or three richest men and who has granted only one other interview as such in 20 years.

Why was he so secretive? "Because he's shy," someone told me, "and because when he was growing up, the Toronto press treated him like the Prince of Wales. He's hated publicity ever since." How powerful is he? "Plenty," said a PR man who knows everybody. "You watch. If Eaton's hears you're doing a story, your boss is going to get a phone call and that will be that."

"Eaton's runs every newspaper in the country," added an old reporter. "A few years ago the pipes burst in the Queen Street store, and a photographer at the *Telegram* got a picture of a fat lady being washed down the escalator. The greatest spot news shot in 10 years, but you can bet they never printed it."

There were a lot more stories like that, and I dutifully checked them out. Most weren't remotely true. Nobody phoned my boss, and when I asked the *Telegram* photographer about the escalator picture, it turned out that what he'd shot was a heavy rainstorm that flooded the sidewalks outside the Queen Street store. The moral, clearly, was that John David Eaton's lifelong reticence has surrounded his name with an awesome mythology. Somehow, in the minds of a lot of smart people, he's become the ultimate Establishment figure, a man who sits up there in his corner office on the seventh floor of Eaton's main Toronto store pulling little strings that are connected to politicians, publishers and big businessmen across the country. The Left adores the idea of conspiracy and likes to picture everything from Che's killing to Vancouver's hockey franchise to the Academy Awards as being settled by a few sinister

/ *continued overleaf*

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

continued

An Eaton mansion in Toronto's Rosedale. Two servants, a Buick, a Jag, a Ferrari, a coach house and John Craig Eaton's family

Are the rich different from you and me? You bet they are. John David Eaton lives in a house full of French Impressionists, flies his own helicopter, employs seven men to run his yacht, and thinks the Depression was fun. Does that sound like you?

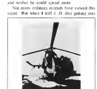
men at the top. And John David Eaton, who is probably worth $400 million and never talks to anybody outside his circle, is regarded as being one of these Secret Few.

So much for mythology, which may or may not have some truth in it. What I do know is that when I finally met John David Eaton he giggled. Actually, I think he was nervous.

He has a good laugh, quiet and ironic, and a face with a lot of hard edges to it. His smile is genuinely friendly, and he talks with considerable force and charm. By the end of the interview I *liked* him — so much so, in fact, that I wondered if my 18 months of string pulling had been a waste of time. I suspect that if I'd simply wandered past his secretaries and walked into his office unannounced, my reception would have been perfectly genial.

The office is nothing special — pale yellow broadloom, a flat mahogany desk, a few pieces of primitive sculpture that look African but were made in the store's carpentry shop. One wall is covered with framed snapshots of various boats he's owned, plus a framed scroll issued in 1955 certifying that John David Eaton, having completed 25 years of continuous service with the T. Eaton Company, has been enrolled as a member of the Timothy Eaton ¼ Century Club." Against one wall in a glass case the size of a small doghouse is a model of Hildur, his ocean going yacht. You can peek through the model's windows and see inside the main saloon, which is furnished with tiny chairs and sofas. Below are three guest cabins and quarters for a crew of seven. John David is 58. These days he spends about six weeks per year aboard the real thing, and wishes he could spend more.

Not many ordinary mortals have viewed this scene. But when I told J. D. that getting into


The Eaton helicopter: if you're worth $400 million you can afford toys like this. It's a Hughes two-seater, and John David flies it himself

The Eaton face: you don't see it around much because John David believes in privacy and gets it. It took Maclean's *18 months to arrange an interview*

his office was only slightly less difficult than arranging an interview with Ho Chi Minh, he affected to be puzzled. "Did you notice any locks on my office door?" he asked, which was a rhetorical question to indicate that his office not only isn't locked but hasn't got a door. "I certainly don't try to create the impression that I'm surrounded by a bodyguard. I've been called a recluse. Well, I probably act a little differently from, say, Jackie Gleason. I don't rush around and make a lot of noise. If Jackie Gleason's the opposite to a recluse, well, I suppose that makes me a recluse."

He isn't really. John David Eaton is simply a very rich and very shy man who spends most of his time with his family and with a small group of men he likes and trusts. His friends are a diverse assortment — they include Vancouver sportsman Clayton Delbridge, Laurie Davis, the carpenter who carved the office sculpture, Frank Powell, a lawyer in Parry Sound, and John Lawrence, manager of the store in Duncan, British Columbia. He likes cruising in his yacht, flying his helicopter, being with his friends, playing with his five grandchildren, attending to his philanthropies, running the biggest merchandising empire in the British Commonwealth and deep-sea trolling in the Caribbean, in approximately that order. He does not like taxes, wafflling civil servants, publicity, politicians or socialism.

Like most powerful men he scoffed when I suggested that he is a powerful man. "If I'm so powerful," he asked, "how did Mayor Dennison turn down our plan for downtown Toronto so easily? Why didn't I railroad it through? Some people like to think there's a clique of immensely wealthy men who just say 'Go,' and it goes." At this point he chortled to himself. "What really happens is they say 'Go' — and nothing happens at all."

Mr Eaton is seriously understating the matter. He is the sole owner of an *enormous* business — 54 stores, a string of huge warehouses, 250 catalogue centres and 55,000 employees. Eaton's printed 17 million catalogues in nine editions last year, bought 8,164 hammers and sold more than two million dollars worth of women's gloves. Eaton's is the fourth largest employer in the country, after the federal government and the two railroads. There are hundreds of suppliers, with thousands of employees, heavily dependent on Eaton's business. There are dozens of daily newspapers that need Eaton's advertising. And there are town planners in Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal and several smaller centres who are vitally concerned about Eaton's future moves, for the store's downtown property holdings ensure that John David Eaton, whether he likes it or not, has an important say in determining whether the cores of these cities turn out to be crummy or exciting.

In terms of affecting the lives, incomes and environments of Canadian city-dwellers, Eaton's thus has as much power as most municipal governments. In view of this, it's astonishing how persistently the family cling to the modest notion that they're only a bunch of humble retailers. "We're *not* developers," says John David's son Fred. "We're merchants and proud of it. If you want to buy a pair of socks, we can do a pretty good job of selling them to you. But when it comes to redevelopment, we'd just as soon leave that to the professionals."

John David, who regards himself as a custodian of family tradition, feels the same way. When I asked him why Eaton's doesn't publish a balance sheet, as all public companies are required to do, his reply was rather endearing. "My grandfather started this business, my father took it over, and finally I got it — and it's still our own affair. So what right has Mitchell Sharp to ask me what I make? Sure, Eaton's is big. But I'm still in exactly the same position as the little guy who runs a corner grocery."

A corner grocery store? Yes, he really believes it. And this is what makes Eaton's and its owner such a fascinating case history, for the company is a microcosm of the country as a whole. Up there on the seventh floor, for the past seven years at least, the men who run Eaton's have been waging a secret battle

The Eaton mystique: Timothy's traditions still linger, but they've quit shrouding the store windows on Sundays

between conflicting traditions, between the generations, between the past and future — a battle very like the conflict in April that gave Canada its first contemporary prime minister.

In this battle, which is an evolution in style, not a conflict of personalities, John David represents the past. He is, bluntly, a paternalist, a man who grew up in a time when Eaton's treated their people better than anyone else did, and expected their loyalty in return. He can remember Christmases when catalogue customers on lonely prairie farms would send cookies and jellies to his grandmother. He can remember the autumn day in 1949 when several thousand people, Eaton war veterans and their families, gathered on the wide sloping lawns of the 670-acre family estate at King, Ontario, for a personal thank you from their president.

And he can remember the Depression, a time when the company spent millions to shield its employees from the desperation of unemployment. That was a good time for John David Eaton, and he remembers it with affection. "Nobody thought about money in those days," he said, "because they never saw any. You could take your girl to a supper dance at the hotel for $10, and that included the bottle and a room for you and your friends to drink it in. I'm glad I grew up then. It was a good time for everybody. People learned what it means to work."

For John David Eaton the store's employees really are an extension of his family. For the past 26 years he's tried to visit every store in his expanding empire once a year — not so much to talk business as to reinforce the family ties that have been the company's strongest asset for almost a century. When he comes to work in the mornings (he drives down from Dunvegan Road in a Volkswagen or, more recently, a Mustang) he nearly always rides the escalator up seven floors to his office. Despite an arthritic hip that makes walking and standing difficult, he seldom shortens the journey by taking an elevator. He likes to *see* what's going on. When I asked him if he had many close friends in the company he laughed. "Thousands, I hope."

The corporate style that John David Eaton represents is what made Eaton's a national institution and one of the world's great department stores. But by the mid 1950s it was becoming embarrassingly apparent that Eaton's could no longer continue pretending it was a corner grocery. It lagged behind its competition in the postwar race to the suburbs. In a rapidly urbanizing country it was beginning to suffer from its Stanfield underwear image. Warehousing and distribution were chaotic, and there was little long range planning. Buildings tended to sprout new wings and annexes in improbable directions, as though the prospect of expansion had been totally unforeseen. Local managers had wide autonomy in buying and selling, which meant a lot of duplication. Salaries tended to be set on a seniority system, so that an advertising manager in one store might find he was being paid half as much as his counterpart somewhere else. The decision making process was casual too: it wasn't until 1961 that Eaton's got around to setting up a formal executive committee. With the 1953 Simpson's alliance with Sears Roebuck, Eaton's for the first time found itself up against serious national competition. And John David's empire, though it now extended from coast to coast, suffered from serious structural weaknesses.

That was when John David made what was probably the most important decision of his career. Perhaps it wasn't so much a decision as a gradual

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The Eaton's gong: honest, they still hand out gold watches to 25-year men. But a youth-oriented management is changing the Eaton's image

IT'S TOUGH TO BE THE BOSS'S SON

The six men on these pages are heirs to corporate assets worth about $600 million. All of them work for the big businesses their fathers built, and all have found their biggest job is trying to measure up to their fathers. Some have made it, some are still trying. It's a problem — but, still, a pretty nice one

THE IRVING BOYS

AROUND SAINT JOHN they're still known as Gassy, Greasy and Oily — but only by people who don't know them very well. Reading from left to right, they're Jack (he's Gassy), James (Oily) and Arthur (Greasy), the only sons of K. C. Irving, founder and master of a diversified $400-million, petroleum-based Maritimes empire, and by far the richest and most powerful man in New Brunswick. All three are now in their late 30s, all work in various divisions of the Irving domain as understudies to their 69-year-old father, all three work very, very hard, and none has ever been known to question seriously K. C.'s authority. The business is almost their only form of recreation and they help manage it with a passionate personal involvement. Art estimates they've met and talked with well over half of Irving's 16,000 employees.

Jim, at 39, is the outdoorsman of the trio. He's spent 12 years "driving the river" — superintending the company's lumbering operations and shipyards — and still spends as much time as possible in the woods. He's a born strawboss. Once, while overseeing a logging operation from a low-flying Beaver aircraft, he noticed one man lounging on the sidelines. Jim leaned out the window and started bellowing at him through his loud-hailer to get to work, and didn't learn until several days later that he'd been shouting orders at a farmer standing on his own land. "When Jim isn't sleeping," says Art, "he's working. It's his hobby." Art, 37, runs the Irving oil companies. Although he's regarded as the easy-going brother and has been known to sit at his father's side in business conferences for hours without saying a word, he's capable of administering a royal chewing-out to errant employees. Jack, the youngest at 36, runs the Irving steel company and a chain of hardware stores. For the three richest young men in New Brunswick, they lead surprisingly unpretentious lives: they don't collect art, they drive Fords and Mercurys, their homes are nothing special and their visits to the Irving fishing lodge on the Miramichi River are brief and infrequent.

The question of who's going to succeed K. C. is avidly discussed in Saint John. At the moment the betting — which is no more authoritative than most gossip — is on Jim. In the meantime, Gassy, Greasy and Oily function as a team who have day-to-day control over the dozens of Irving companies, but who defer automatically to their father on larger policy matters. "The Old Man still directs everything," says one well-informed Saint John businessman. "The business would probably dissipate without him." And the boys, unsurprisingly, won't speculate on the next occupant of the throne. "You'll have to ask my father about that," says Jim. "He's still very actively involved in the business."

JOHN BASSETT JR.

THE QUESTION IS, why does a man with John Bassett's storybook advantages (family fortune, chiselled profile, university gold medal, championship-class tennis game, etc., etc.) *compete* so much? Answer: if your daddy was Toronto *Telegram* publisher John F. Bassett, you'd be competitive, too. Every son struggles to excel his father, but for Bassett Jr. the contest is especially acute, for both men are compulsive winners. "A few years ago," says John Jr., "we even got into a fist fight. We were playing in a tennis tournament, and I blew the game. Father stalked off the court and I felt terrible. So I punched him in the nose — he's six-foot-five, and I could hardly reach him. But there was no hangover. We both felt better afterward."

Sports have assumed a cosmic significance for John Jr. He's one of the country's two or three best squash players, he's been on the Davis Cup tennis team, he played cricket for Canada against India and, until a knee injury sidelined him, was active in football and hockey. He regards such activities as more than recreation. "You've got no favor on a tennis court, no preferred position," he says.

Making it as an athlete, in other words, gave him the confidence to make it as the Boss's Son. In that capacity he works as his father's executive assistant at the *Telegram*, which owns, in whole or part, Baton Broadcasting, the Toronto Argonauts, Maple Leaf Gardens, eight weekly newspapers and CFTO-TV in Toronto. At 29, John Jr. moves easily in the interconnected Bassett world of publishing, athletics, television and Tory politics. His wheeling-dealing tendencies showed early: at 21, sent out to the Victoria *Times* to apprentice as a reporter, he organized several local millionaires into a consortium that tried — and failed by only one vote — to get a hockey franchise for Victoria. He returned to Toronto in 1962; since then has had a lot to do with the upgrading of CFTO's news image, and with the *Telegram*'s recent transformation into a swinging, sophisticated newspaper. His most visible contribution has been *After Four*, the *Telegram*'s weekly youth section — a sort of multimedia cult-vehicle for Toronto's teenyboppers, with Bassett Jr. as its leading personality. *After Four* has been a triumphantly successful exercise in promotional journalism, but Bassett hated being its *guru*. "It was horrible. I'd go to the golf club with my wife, and the children of older members would be asking for my autograph. I tell you, you get *tired* of crowning queens at high-school dances."

And when will he take over from his father? For an answer, John Jr. likes to quote a cartoon he saw once, where the aging tycoon is telling his younger associates: "I know it's natural for the young bull to take over from the old bull — but not when the old bull still votes 51 percent."

CONTINUED ▶

CHARLES BRONFMAN

CHARLES BRONFMAN president of the House of Seagram Ltd and one of four heirs to a fortune estimated by *Fortune* magazine at $460 million, spent at least half his life feeling inferior He felt it growing up in Westmount while his father Sam was busy building the world's biggest liquor business. He felt it at Ontario's ultra-WASPish Trinity College School, where he and his brother Edgar now 38 were the only Jewish pupils And he felt it at McGill where he dropped out after two and a half unspectacular years It wasn't until he was 23 when he was put in charge of the newly acquired Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd, that he began to suspect to his great surprise, that he was extremely competent in his own right The psychic breakthrough he says came in 1955 when he confronted his father with his sales manager's proposal for a newly designed bottle for Adams Private Stock whisky "Dad was against what he called fancy packaging but I came to him and said "I want this bottle" He looked at me for a long time and then he said, 'So you want to go into fancy packages' I said yes and stuck to my guns Within half an hour the whole thing was settled It was the first time in my life I'd ever persuaded my father of anything In two years that brand moved from 19 000 to 100,000 cases In those days, I was frightened of my father It was my problem not his and winning my point with the Adams bottle helped solve it"

Now after 10 years as president of the Canadian side of the family empire, Charles at 36 displays an attractive blend of toughness and sensitivity The holdings he controls include six distilleries, a resort hotel, sugar plantations in Jamaica and major interests in the giant Toronto-Dominion Centre and Vancouver's $75-million Block 42 development Edgar is the more aggressive of Mr Sam's two sons ("He'd argue with Dad where I'd back off," says Charles) and runs Distillers Corp-Seagram's Ltd., the parent company, from New York

Charles's decision to remain in Montreal was based partly on a distaste for the "dog-eat-dog scene in New York" and partly on a heavy personal commitment to being Canadian He lives quietly in a Westmount apartment with his wife Barbara and four-year-old son Stephen spends off hours going to movies and hockey games or skating with his family He tends to underplay the advantages of being one of the richest young men in the country ("Let's say it gives you a measure of security") and still regards himself as a salaried executive The noughts-and crosses coffee table in his office? Charles Bronfman designed it himself and uses it for conferences "It reminds people" he says, "that business is a game"

CHET BELL

IT IS PLAIN that Max Bell's amiable son Chet has spent the past eight years being groomed to assume command of FP Publications, the biggest newspaper chain in the country But it is less than certain that Chet, who never cut a large swath as a reporter, will be an automatic choice for the chain's top job Even Chet, whose most recent newspaper assignment is as an assistant to the general manager and the editor of the Lethbridge *Herald* has some doubts about his qualifications "If the people higher up feel I'm qualified" he says, "I'll get the job Right now, I'd be afraid to take it. I don't think I'm sufficiently well-grounded in the business yet, even though I'd welcome the chance Remember, my father doesn't believe in nepotism A family connection could be the worst thing for the business, if I weren't equipped for the job"

If Chet doesn't make it — and he says that a boss's son always has two strikes against him — it won't be for lack of varied newspaper experience He can remember hawking VJ-Day editions of the *Albertan* on the streets of Calgary at the age of seven After a sporadic education (he attended three colleges without getting a BA) he's been shifted from one newspaper job to another and tackled some interesting assignments in the process including the Paris air show and the shooting suicide in Ottawa of a youth who'd just been released from jail for stealing Chet's car The experience has left him with a high regard for his journalistic abilities ("I feel I am competent enough to hold a job on any newspaper in the country"), but with less assurance about his competence to handle the business end of newspapering Meanwhile, he lives a quiet life in a rented house in Lethbridge with his wife Karen her teenage sister their six-year old daughter Tracy, plays a lot of golf and hopes for the best "I'm a newspaperman and proud of it" he says "But if I don't measure up there's no reason why I should run the papers — even if I am Max's son"

Gordon P. Osler makes $100,000 a year. He was born a member of the WASP elite that runs the Canadian economy

Well, what's wrong with that? Read on

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

NO CLASS OF MAN since society began has been so consistently reviled as the very rich. Pity the poor plutocrat, cursed by the ancient philosophers because of his lust for gold and virtually denied entry into the kingdom of heaven by Christ. The love of money was the root of all evil. The Protestant ethic later modified the doctrine somewhat, equating goodness with prosperity, but there remains an underlying theme in Western Christianity that it is more blessed to be poor than filthy stinking rich. In today's schizoid society, half capitalist and half socialist, the rich generate envy and command a certain amount of respect. But they also inspire hatred and contempt. We're not shooting the bloated, parasitical capitalists — at least not here and not yet. But there is a general feeling that excessive private wealth, especially ostentatious or inherited wealth, is not so much evil as socially reprehensible or not very nice.

Yet for most of us the rich remain a mystery. One thing great wealth can undoubtedly buy is privacy. Thus our ideas about the very rich are usually the product of caricatures in books and films. We think in terms of oil kings, robber barons, arrogant aristocrats and Eastern potentates. We picture limousines, servants' halls, swimming pools, vast broadloomed offices and ultra-exclusive clubs. We imagine all the goods and services we would surround ourselves with if we had the income on a couple of million dollars. But aside from such daydreaming, our ideas are fuzzy. Just who are the rich, anyway? Do we need them? What do they do with their money? How are they different from the rest of us beyond the fact, as Hemingway succinctly explained to Scott Fitzgerald, that they have more money?

Let's take a look at the man shown on this page. He is Gordon P. Osler, a mild-mannered 45-year-old Toronto investment manager and, although not in the E. P. Taylor class, a fairly typical flake off Canada's economic upper crust. Osler is chairman of the board, president and chief executive officer of UNAS Investments Ltd., a small but solid firm formed four years ago by the merger of Osler's family business in Winnipeg with a Toronto company. The offices are on the 31st floor — about halfway up — of the new Toronto-Dominion Centre, the vertical manifestation of Bay Street. Osler's income, from salary and investments, is around $100,000 a year. That puts him in the company of only a few thousand other Canadians, but Osler doesn't consider himself excessively rich. "I have a friend," he says, "whose CPR dividends alone exceed my salary. Now *that's* what I call rich."

You could easily mistake Osler for a branch bank manager or a high-school principal. What saved him from such middle-class fates was his breeding. Although born in Winnipeg, he is the grandson of Sir Edmund Osler, a former president of the Dominion Bank, and is directly related to the Toronto Oslers, charter members of the rich Anglican Establishment in Ontario. As befits such a background, Osler attended a private school in Winnipeg and was in the process of failing his first year at Queen's University when the war intervened. He enlisted as a trooper, served with the Canadian Armored Corps in England and landed in continental Europe four days after VE-Day.

His father had died while he was overseas and so instead of returning to university Osler decided to go straight into the family investment firm. He started, as is traditional in such cases, at the office-boy level, chalking up stock prices on a blackboard. As is also traditional, he didn't stay at that level long. Today Osler holds 20 directorships in a healthy portfolio of firms that includes Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, North American Life, Interprovincial Steel and Pipe and the Toronto-Dominion Bank. He is, as he nonchalantly admits, a classic representative of what Professor John Porter in *The Vertical Mosaic* calls the corporate elite. Porter argues that this small group, composed almost entirely of like-thinking Anglo-Saxons who went to the same schools and belong to the same clubs, wields enormous decision-making power in Canada. They virtually run the country.

In these terms the real capital of Canada is Toronto, with Montreal its only close rival. The residents of these two cities, about one sixth of the total population, scoop in about half of all the dividend income in Canada. "Before I moved to Toronto from Winnipeg four years ago," says Osler, "I found I was flying down here every two weeks or so on business. This is the centre of things."

In Toronto, Osler felt a bit like a high-school graduate trying to find his bearings during his first year at university. There was far less personal and social intermingling among members of the economic elite than there had been in a smaller place like Winnipeg. But just as universities have fraternities to help Establishment freshmen make contact with their peer group, Toronto's corporate community has clubs. "They are damn hard to get into if you are a newcomer," says Osler. "It has taken me three years to get into the Granite Club. Fortunately I had an out-of-town membership in the Toronto Club, so I was able to join that quite easily."

The Toronto Club, along with the York Club and the National Club, is a prime staircase to status in the city. Initial fees may amount to several thousand dollars and its ranks, Porter discovered, contain more than 100 members of the economic elite. "Nobody conducts formal business in a club," says Osler. "But there are lots of luncheons that are in fact business meetings. Belonging to a club is certainly useful. I particularly like the concept of the 'big table' where a dozen or so members can sit down without prior arrangement and get to know each other."

Osler also belongs to the WASP-dominated Royal Canadian Yacht Club where he moors a 22-foot sailing boat. His general style of living is, by elite standards, fairly modest. He owns a large house in Toronto's money-treed Forest Hill district, runs two cars and has an outdoor swimming pool. Most Sundays he rides. He keeps two horses at a private stable near Newmarket, Ont., and he is one of the directors of the Canadian Equestrian Team. Sometime during the winter he and his wife usually take a skiing holiday in Banff, the Laurentians or Utah. Three summers ago they took their children, a son and two younger daughters, on a grand tour of Europe. Both the girls go to private schools, one to Branksome Hall and the other to Bishop Strachan School. The son, who attended Upper Canada College, is now a freshman at the University of Toronto's Trinity College. Trinity's ivy walls enclose a quadrangle of a foreign field that is forever England. It is an Establishment fraternity in its own right.

"Anybody enjoys making money up to a point," says Osler. "But after a certain level of income it is not too important. I don't think my style of living would change very much if I were earning two or three times what I am now. It sounds corny, but the important thing is to like what you are doing. It's a short life and you may as well enjoy it."

Osler's style of living, in fact, is only a cut or two above the level most middle-class Canadian families aspire to. The difference is that the Oslers can afford to live that way and many of the rest of us can't — even though television, magazines and other media create the illusion that the good life is available to us all. That illusion was effectively shattered by *The Vertical Mosaic*. Porter's studies proved that Canadians as a whole are simply not as rich as we like to think we are or as our credit-card economy indicates.

The TV commercial's image of affluent middle-class life, for instance, the picture of an "average" family in a suburban home with two cars in the garage, occasional holidays abroad,

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INVEST IN THE RICH LOOK

No matter what income bracket she's in, the true *femme fatale* has an eye to her dollar as well as her image. In today's money market, some of her fashion investments could be a shrewder buy than these gold bars in the vaults of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto. She experiments with very hip or trendy clothes in an inexpensive price range (a faithful seamstress can translate them into durable versions if they work out). Her bargain hunting eye seeks uncluttered, simple lines. And when it comes to spending big money, she *invests* in costly pieces of jewelry, beautifully made shoes and handbags, or extravaganza outfits like a great coat or theatre cape. Then she combines the bargains and the investments. It's an operation that requires great care and an assured sense of taste. Super-expensive clothes can turn out to be just that — expensive but dull and unimaginative. To get something really special demands an intense communication with a designer. What it takes in time and money, however, is balanced by having something to wear that's a [illegible] original expression of her personality. A spectacular cape like that one at left by David Smith doesn't require anything else. It can go over a sensible, plain sweater dress without losing its impact. It combines the ornate with the simple and that, after all, is the secret in fusing investments with bargains.

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT BELL

Opposite: Midi peasant dress by Mr Smith, Toronto, $65, becomes a costume with an aquamarine pin, $1,650, ring, $375, and Spanish shoes, $28. David Smith's theatrical cape, $700, goes beautifully with a Celara dress by **Dubonnet Knits**, *$50; topaz ring, $285.*

Right: Wrap-around dress by **Luv Originals**, *$40; stockings by Phantom; shoes, $28; flounced dress by Luv, $50; stockings by Wertex; shoes, $28.*

Below: Experiment with a see-through shirt, $12; elephant pants, $9; purple body shirt, $11; hip-hugging western skirt, $10 — all from Barney by **Wendy Originals**.

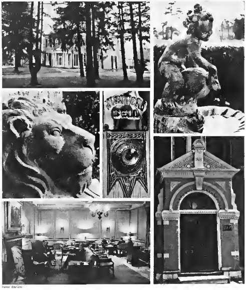
Where to buy: page 48

Jewelry by C. V. Sewell, Toronto. Hair by David [illegible] House of Concorde. [illegible] Salle [illegible]

FOXHOUNDS AND TEA COSIES IN LONDON (ONTARIO)

In London's stately homes reside Old Family scions. Also *nouveaux riches:* nice enough, but a bit brash, don't you know?

BY JON RUDDY



Horst Ehricht

Clockwise from top Prospect Farms, home of retired investment dealer Col D B Weldon who raises Black Angus cattle cherub at London Hunt and Country Club, London Club front entrance (and visitors bell centre) lounge, London Club lion s head Buchon House

London, Ontario. To get there you take the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway west from Toronto, 120 miles of straight concrete slab that you can do in 90 minutes flat if you push it, the highway coming at you and at you out of farm country that is clean and gently rolling and that, even now in the first wet month of spring, is rich-looking under a patina of green like old copper After a while you pass access roads to towns with flat English names — Brantford, Woodstock, Ingersoll — and flooded bottom land with clumps of second growth There were pine forests here a long time ago, the trees 200 feet high and so close together that an American traveler in 1832 said he had never seen "such a vast quantity of timber on any particular space of ground" Once there were many Indians in the western peninsula of Ontario a tribe known as the Neutrals who avoided the wars of the Hurons and Iroquois and lived quietly in the twilight of the pine forest In 1669 two missionaries from Montreal wintered there and the next year the peninsula was appropriated in the name of Louis XIV "as a territory not occupied" The Indians were not mentioned in the proclamation.

London, when you get there in the green MGB with the rusty fenders (if that is what you happen to be driving) is a city of 200,455 souls, of whom 73 1 percent are of British stock The city spreads out from a fork in the River Thames under a canopy of maple trees The Forest City they call it, and it is a beautiful name The name derives not from the surviving shade trees but from a huge stand of timber that was here when the district was surveyed in 1800 (the Canada Act having asserted British sovereignty over Upper Canada nine years before) The settlers who came to London Township were Irish and English mostly and mostly Anglican From 1810 to about 1840 they came methodically, by sailing ship and oxcart to escape the post-Napoleonic depression, to buy and clear land that was described as the most fertile in North America They were for the most part industrious, rather dour people and they prospered. Some of their descendants still live here They are entrenched and locally celebrated. They are the Old Families

The best place to be going to in London is the London Club a splendid bastion of late Victorian architecture and life-style on which the sun has never set since 1881 (After the sun set abruptly on two arteriosclerotic members while they were exerting themselves at badminton, the badminton court was removed Members now are restricted to billiards or bridge) The best man to be meeting at the London Club for lunch is Verschoyle Philip Cronyn, great grandson of the first Bishop of Huron, former chairman of the board of Canada Trust-Huron and Erie, brother of actor Hume Cronyn and father of John B Cronyn, who is the executive vice-president of John Labatt, Ltd., whose founder was the maternal grandfather of Verschoyle Philip Cronyn the best man to be meeting at the London Club for lunch

At 73 V P Cronyn is the second-oldest member of the club He is sitting in the dining room now fussing with his special black-and-pink tea cosy and recalling the worst thing that ever happened to him, which was in 1936 when his horse fell on him during a hunt at the London Hunt and Country Club, breaking his collarbone and two ribs and puncturing a lung (At the top level of London society having one's horse fall on one is a distinct actuarial possibility Joseph Jeffery, a partner in the law firm of Jeffery and Jeffery and chairman of the board of London Life Insurance Co suffered a crushed spine and broken back when *his* horse fell on him He fully recovered) Cronyn has not been on a horse since 1936 He is still a keen fisherman He has written a thesis on the art of casting a fly which he has titled *The Fly Leaf* and will publish it in pamphlet form "It s dreadfully boring," says Cronyn, "—except for the man who wants to learn to cast a fly"

You assumed did you, that the servant problem is a dead conversational issue? You haven't lunched at the London Club (where an unwritten house rule forbids discussion of "women and politics" according to Colonel Douglas Black Weldon honorary chairman of Midland-Osler Securities Ltd and a past president of the club "Somebody starts talking about so-and-so s wife and he s out on his ear" says Col Weldon. "It s happened.") Cronyn says he had to move from a country home with seven bedrooms into town because he couldn't find suitable servants "The breed is dying out," he says "I can hardly find a char any more to come in a couple of times a week You married?"

"Yes," he is told

"Your wife got a maid?"

"No"

"Not yet, eh? Well maybe she is an energetic girl"

Fox hunts, tea cosies, the assumption that you are keeping the old eye peeled for likely looking servants — life at the top in London still has an incredibly insular and genteel atmosphere about it, an atmosphere of lemon squash in the parlor, Tiffany candlesticks, the clicking of croquet balls on the far lawn and the grinding of bees in the peonies, P G Wodehouse novels, pantries that smell like oatmeal cookies and long dappled afternoons by the river.

The fact is that London is a bit of a backwater" says a professor at London's University of Western Ontario who wishes to remain anonymous "It's still where Toronto was in 1939 But to the old families the world begins at Brantford and ends at Chatham They are backward- rather than forward-looking people Hell, for years the Chamber of Commerce was accused of keeping industry *out*. This is not an industrial city but a coupon-clipping city It's all very lush, very cosy The old families intermarry interweave socially and professionally and sock away their wealth in vaults You're nobody in Middlesex County unless your grandfather lived here [Ontario Premier] John Robarts grew up here but as far as the old families are concerned he's an outsider and a parvenu No roots The old families stay close to their clubs and their homes. Nobody has seen Dick Ivey [a former vice-president and director of the Bank of Montreal and chairman of Northern Life Insurance Co. of Canada] in a restaurant in 20 years The town can t even support a single good restaurant This is quiet money discreet money The influence pervades all the social strata John Fisher once called London the Dowager City and described how people here lined up at bus stops like so many placid elephants trunk to

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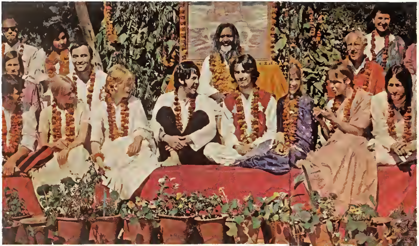
My three weeks with The Beatles, Mia, the Maharishi and Transcendental MEDITATION



The Maharishi (top) happily poses with his most celebrated disciples The Beatles (from left) Ringo Starr and his wife Maureen Paul McCartney's girl Jane Asher McCartney George Harrison and his wife Patti John Lennon's wife Cynthia and Lennon

Paul Saltzman, at right, a young Canadian on a footloose tour of India, visited the secluded retreat of today's most publicized guru, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Here is his story

Between meditations, Ringo, Lennon and McCartney (above) sing. Mia Farrow (below) strolls the grounds

GEORGE HARRISON repeated the words to the Maharishi as his new song swam up from the cassette tape recorder on the floor The Maharishi was rolling his prayer beads between his fingers and he laughed approvingly Harrison smiled slyly like a new father

Without going out of my door
I can know all things on earth
Without looking out of my window
I can know the ways of heaven
The farther one travels
The less one knows,
The less one really knows *

To each of us in that small room — The Beatles their wives Jane Asher Mia Farrow the Maharishi and myself — Harrison's song *The Inner Light* spoke of the knowledge that is to be found within us For each of us the song suggested different paths to travel in our minds It suggested keys to search for keys to the doors within our heads that lead to greater self knowledge

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*See copyright notice page 44

Beatles John Lennon (above) and Ringo Starr (below) sit in on a discussion led by the Maharishi

"Transcending is like watering the root of a tree and thereby making all aspects of it fresh and green and more fruitful. It takes the mind behind and beyond fears and anxieties"

With the exception of the Maharishi we shared a common search the search for what lies inside for life for existence, for peace and happiness

It was beautiful sitting there but it was strange Two and a half months before when I arrived in India, I couldn't have imagined being at the Maharishi's ashram in the soft foothills of the Himalayas I didn't know anything about the Maharishi except that he was the Beatles guru or spiritual teacher and I knew nothing about "transcendental meditation"

I had left Canada to see the world on a trip without time limit, itinerary, or much money India was first simply because it was so different from North America Besides wanting to experience different cultures I felt that cutting myself off from the environment I was so much a product of would bring greater self knowledge I would learn more about who I was and what I wanted in living Although I was 23 had been to university and had worked two years in the public-affairs end of television I really knew little about the world or myself I wanted to find the keys to some of those doors in my head and by opening them up get rid of some of my hang ups I guess I knew what the hang-ups were though I didn't know what to do about them I thought the keys would be difficult to find and I avoided looking too hard for them because I knew that getting rid of hang-ups was at times a painful process

There were two main problems that bothered me. I had strong defenses against opening up completely in the relationship with my girlfriend, in loving her completely for fear of the hurt that sometimes comes with being vulnerable with opening up I wanted to and although I knew deep down that lowering the defenses and letting the involvement come was the only way I couldn't do that I told myself that the key lay in being alone in strange environments that I wasn't warm and secure in and solving the problem by myself instead of with her help

The other one was an ego hang up I found that I had two main motivating forces when deciding what I wanted to do whether in my work or in human relationships. One was the desire to be constructive in society to do good and the other was my ego — what others thought of what I was doing. I thought that ego was basically a bad thing and the result of the conflict between a "bad" and a "good" motivating force was a lack of direction I felt that being alone and learning more about what I wanted would help resolve this hassle

In early February I was in New Delhi and heard that the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi was going to speak that day at the university I went to hear him mostly because I valued The Beatles as artists and people and their involvement with the Maharishi made me curious to see what it was all about I also heard that The Beatles might be going to Rishikesh, to the ashram, and I wanted to find out if I could go there for a day or two For a long time I'd

British rock singer Donovan wearing a blanket to keep off the late-afternoon chill arrives for tea with Mia Farrow

wanted to talk with John Lennon about that ego hang-up I was sure he had gone through it at some stage and that talking with him might help

The auditorium was overflowing with about 300 people as the Maharishi walked down the centre aisle to the stage He was smaller than I had expected and like most Indians fairly slight He held flowers in his hands, and as he moved to the centre of the stage his eyes welcomed the audience He sat down, cross-legged on a low dais, while behind him 20 young Westerners, each of them wearing a colorful garland of red, white and orange flowers, seated themselves in a semicircle. These people, we were told, were part of a group of 60 "meditators" from Europe and North America who were in India to take a three month course from the Maharishi They were to learn more about meditation and some of them would then be taught to "initiate" or instruct others in transcendental meditation. The rest would learn how to "check" new meditators to make sure they were using the method properly

Before the Maharishi spoke he looked slowly and gently at us and I got the feeling that he was sensing our presence. He talked quietly, gesturing occasionally with a flower-filled hand. At times his voice rose as he made a point and he giggled with enthusiasm What he talked about sounded great, but I doubted whether it was possible

He explained "Transcendental meditation naturally takes the mind beyond the present level of experience to the finer stages of experience, and eventually takes it beyond the finest state of experience and leaves it in a state of pure awareness This is called transcending normal consciousness to reach inner fields of pure consciousness of bliss consciousness" Twirling a marigold in his hand he continued "Transcending is like watering the root of a tree and thereby making all aspects of it fresh and green and more fruitful It takes the mind behind and beyond the fears and anxieties that trouble us Reaching those fields of pure consciousness of pure being, we tap the very source of bliss and energy We come back with increased happiness and energy Tension is

/ *continued on page 43*

Maharishi converts include Benjamin Lange (left) and boutique owner Abe Icha, both Vancouverites

The Beatles were late on the Maharishi scene. Canadians—some 15,000 of them now—have been happily meditating since 1961

THE MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI was making converts in Canada long before The Beatles left Liverpool and when Mia Farrow was still a teenybopper playing Frank Sinatra records He made his first trip here in 1961 and this year's three-week tour which begins late in May will be his sixth and last visit After this he will spend his days in retirement at his ashram in Rishikesh He believes his mission to the world is over With followers in 50 countries the movement is strong enough to carry on by itself

There are more than 15 000 people in Canada alone now practising the Maharishi's transcendental meditation techniques. The bulk of the followers are found on university campuses The Maharishi's claim to be able to provide spiritual insight and tranquility without the use of drugs has a wide appeal for students But the International Meditation Society in Canada says its members also include loggers on Vancouver Island geophysicists and ranchers in Calgary fishermen and architects in Vancouver businessmen in Winnipeg publishers in Toronto millionaires and lawyers in Montreal and librarians in Halifax.

Meditators find it almost impossible to describe the experience of meditation "All I can say is that the world, myself and my relations with people were entirely new bright and irrevocably changed" says Eileen Learoyd a Victoria BC journalist who was one of the earliest of the Maharishi's Canadian followers Nor will meditators tell much about the techniques involved The mantra or private key word that each convert is given in order to reach a transcendental state remains a personal secret

The only way it seems to discover what meditation really means is to start meditating oneself There are now 14 Maharishi instructors or initiators operating in various Canadian centres Most of them have taken courses from the Maharishi in India, as did the two Vancouverites shown above

Initiations which follow a week or more of instruction take place in private homes hotel rooms or offices of the International Meditation Society The initiation fees vary for high school students it's $15 for university students, $25 for housewives $35 and for all working people the fee is the equivalent of three days of their net salary The initiators themselves are not paid The money pays for offices, publicity and such undertakings as the Maharishi's five-day seminar at Alberta's Chateau Lake Louise June 9 14 Prospective meditators should write to IMS Canadian Headquarters Sub Post Office 36, Calgary, Alta

How to get paid for not working

As many as 25,000 able-bodied Canadians may be living moderately high on the hog while "unemployed." Here's how some individuals, groups – and even one entire town – struck it rich by not working

BY BLAIR FRASER

With a bribed guard as his financial agent, a BC convict received jobless pay until investigators checked his address: Oakalla prison

WHAT IS THE BIGGEST single swindle ever carried out in Canada? The Atlantic Acceptance collapse? The Windfall Mines downfall?

Nothing like these. The biggest fraud in Canada is a regular annual affair. It is perpetrated by thousands of people (nobody knows how many) and runs to millions of dollars (nobody knows exactly how much). The victim of this continuous con game is the Unemployment Insurance Fund, and through it the Canadian people — some five million workers and 350,000 employers who together put in 80 percent of the fund, and the rest of us who as taxpayers contribute the balance.

Estimates of the total amount thus stolen each year vary widely. The only verifiable figure is the one and a half million dollars which in the past year, was actually established as the total of "overpayments" to people who had claimed unemployment-insurance benefits. (Some but not all of this sum was recovered.)

These overpayments are the cases that were caught. Officially, the Unemployment Insurance Commission estimates the real total at about double the established amount — Chief Commissioner J. M. DesRoches in a recent statement put it at "more than three million dollars" for 1967. But one of the senior officials in his investigation department guessed that "we don't catch even 10 percent" of the unemployment-insurance swindlers. If he is right, Canadians are being cheated out of something more than $15 million a year.

To be fair to the UIC sleuths one must add that they probably catch far more than a 10th of the major deliberate frauds. The vast majority of overpayments go merely to people who let an extra week go by, after they've got new jobs, before notifying the commission to cut off their benefits. Usually it's a matter of bridging the gap between starting work and getting the first pay packet.

That kind of petty leakage is probably inevitable. Perhaps the computer will plug it some day, but at present the cost of stopping it entirely would be far more than the leakage itself. The investigators concentrate instead on the deliberate fakers, some of whom are remarkably ingenious.

The most bizarre case of recent years was at Grandes Bergeronnes on the lower St. Lawrence near Baie Comeau, where virtually the entire local labor force was recruited for a fraudulent winter works project. Under the winter works scheme the federal and provincial governments pay half the direct labor costs of any project, and the municipality pays the other half. Here the village council put in a dozen names of men who did not work at all, collecting about $7,000 from the central treasuries for these. It also exacted a kickback of 10 percent from those who really did work. This money was used for the equipment and capital costs required to get the project going, and was further fattened by the simple device of claiming wages for several weeks before the work started and for several more after it had stopped. Altogether, the council contrived to provide a winter job for every able-bodied man in town without spending a cent of its own money.

It's possible they might have got away with the scheme if they hadn't gone on to put the local work force on unemployment insurance when the "winter works project" was supposedly completed. The UIC auditor in Baie Comeau noticed that the unemployment-insurance stamps, on which these claims were based, didn't seem to check with the amounts of reported earnings. He went out to the village to find out why, and there discovered that the secretary-treasurer, a carpenter by trade, had prudently destroyed all the records when he heard that the auditor was coming. There ensued a long interval of patient toil whereby back records were used to reconstruct the missing time sheets, and to prepare a set of fraud charges that would stand up in court.

In the end 35 men were prosecuted, including the mayor, the secretary-treasurer (who faced 69 separate charges) and all six aldermen. They all pleaded guilty. But then a problem arose that is fairly common in UIC fraud cases.

The judge put in a long-distance call to UIC headquarters in Ottawa. "What should I do with these people?" he asked. "I can't put them all in jail, there isn't room, and besides they'd leave half the village destitute. I can't give them fines as big as the fraud really warrants, because none of them could pay that much and so they'd go to jail anyway. What do you suggest?"

Dolce vita on the dole: a wily immigrant contrived to live it up in Italy by being unemployed in Canada

UIC officials were properly discreet, but they managed to intimate that if moderate fines were imposed (the highest was $310) they would not ask the Crown to appeal. The grand total of fines came to $2,285 — which, even with the recovery of the money fraudulently obtained, was a meagre return for more than two years of work on the case.

This situation is typical. For obvious reasons the great majority of culprits are desperately poor. And not infrequently, it turns out that they're already in prison.

Recently in Kitchener, Ont., a man drawing unemployment insurance sent in a routine notice of change of address. It gave a new street and number that proved to be quite correct. The Kitchener Unemployment Insurance Commission office just didn't realize that it was the address of the local jail.

In British Columbia's Oakalla prison an inmate kept himself on unemployment insurance by sharing it with one of the guards, who mailed his application forms and brought back the cheques. In a small town in northern Saskatchewan a father mailed the forms to his son, who was in jail in the midwestern United States, and acted as broker for the cheques when they duly arrived. On a rather more exalted social level, a family in Timmins, Ont., was found to be acting as go-between for their son who was living it up in Italy on his unemployment benefits.

In Montreal, a routine check with the city welfare department revealed that one claimant was registered under two names and drawing benefits for both of them while he served a term in Bordeaux Jail.

In another double-identity case, also in Montreal, the owner of a small business that was heading for bankruptcy had the foresight to put his name on his own payroll not once but twice—same surname, two different Christian names. After the bankruptcy he applied for unemployment insurance under both of them. Identical twins, he explained to the UIC inspector who looked into the case, for some time he was able to keep up the pretense by dashing back and forth between the two addresses he had given, and at each one posing as a different "twin."

But even these outright criminals are mostly poor people, and severe punishment doesn't do much good. Much easier, cheaper and more effective is to impose a penalty under the Unemployment Insurance Act itself, a penalty that does not require prosecution and therefore needs a much lighter burden of proof. The penalty consists merely of a loss of benefits for a stated number of weeks, and therefore is automatically collected the next time a culprit applies for unemployment insurance. (He has the right to appeal, but few do.)

Three or four such penalties are imposed for every one actually prosecuted, though the incidence of prosecution has been rising lately with the stepping up of action against unemployment frauds. In 1964 only 1,246 fraud charges were laid and resulted in convictions; the total for the year just past, when figures are complete, will be about 2,400, or double the 1964 record.

The increase is due not to the use of computers (the UIC hasn't got any yet, though it hopes to buy time on one soon), but to a more systematic use of the available information. Inquiries now focus on the "vulnerable areas" — the young married women who, by remarkable coincidence, tend to become "unemployed" three months before a child is born; the young, able-bodied men who are strangely and repeatedly "unemployed" in regions where jobs are plentiful, the elderly folk who are "unemployed" for the last few months before they retire on pension.

Another new technique is the "saturation check" of districts where irregularities are suspected. Inspectors visit not just a sampling but every single claimant of unemployment-insurance benefits in the suspect area — and the fraudulent claims they find in this way are a significantly higher proportion of the total than any small spot check has ever revealed. Obviously, these methods require more men on the investigating staff. The field force has been increased in the past year by nearly 20 percent, but this is only

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THE UNCOMMON COLD AND HOW I CURED IT

I snuffled, sneezed, suffered in bleary-eyed misery for more than 25 years. Doctors were baffled. So I turned detective. Then the wind blew, leaves swirled – and I had the solution and cure

BY ROBERT CAMERON
Air Vice Marshal, RCAF Retd

ANY LAYMAN who claims to have solved the ageless riddle of the common cold is sure to be regarded by the medical profession and most other people as either a quack or a madman. ("We don't even know what a cold is," one eminent doctor told me impatiently, "to say nothing of what causes it or how to cure it.")

So I will cautiously claim only to have discovered the cause, which led logically to the cure, of the *uncommon* colds that had plagued me off and on, with varying but always disagreeable severity, for most of my life. Anyone who recognizes a kinship between his miseries and mine is welcome to use my secret — provided he can find a doctor willing to co-operate, which isn't easy, as I can testify.

My discovery wasn't hatched in a laboratory (I wouldn't know a pipette from a burette). Rather, it's the denouement of a sort of detective story in which the victim was my enjoyment of life; the elusive villain was an invisible, ruthless, unknown "something" that triggered my colds; and *I* was the bumbling, painstaking detective making endless notes as I pursued even the most trivial clues.

Almost as long as I can remember — and that goes back into the 1920s — my summers were blighted by repeated sudden colds, accompanied by bleary eyes, a runny nose and a conviction that life was barely worth living. One doctor I consulted gave me the classic advice: "Stay in bed a couple of days, drink plenty of liquids, take Aspirin every four hours." Since I often went to bed for more than two days and took more Aspirin than he prescribed, I plaintively suggested that by now medical science should have come up with something more potent.

"Patience, my boy," he said. "At least colds practically never kill anybody. If they did, medical research would be doing more about them. It's a question of priorities."

Well, colds were very high among *my* priorities, so I looked elsewhere for help. In 1931 I visited a Toronto allergist (they were a rare breed in those days, and still are, for that matter). He gave me a series of tests and pronounced me sensitive to trees, grasses and ragweed pollen.

The doctor and I did not know it at the time, but in that diagnosis was the key to my problem, and presumably that of countless people who suffer from allergy-caused colds — the part about "trees and grasses." But it was not until 25 years and hundreds of colds later that my sleuthing led me back to it.

The doctor administered the standard treatment: a series of injections, increasing in strength, of an extract of pollen. The idea was to build up resistance to the cause of the allergy. These injections, supplemented by periodic booster shots, certainly helped. I still caught sudden colds, but they were fewer and less severe. And, of course, there was that blessed deadline to look forward to — the first hard freeze or the first real snowfall put a sudden end to vagrant pollen — and to my misery. I would be a normal human being again until next summer.

Then, early in the 1950s, something happened to that endurable pattern. October came, and with it Ottawa's first frost and snowfall. But instead of vanishing, my symptoms grew worse. October went, and so did November, without any relief. It wasn't until winter firmly settled on the land that I could breathe easily again.

A year or two later my RCAF duties took me to Washington, D.C. — and greater disaster. The late-fall symptoms became more severe and extended to January. Clearly something new had entered the winter of my discontent. I consulted a Washington allergist, who listened sagely to my past history, agreed that there was virtually no pollen in the Washington atmosphere at that time of year, so that something else must be the trouble — and added that he hadn't the remotest idea what that something might be.

But he introduced me to a comparatively new medication, antihistamine pills. They proved to be a mixed blessing. They didn't stop my colds or make breathing any easier, but they did dry up all the runny nasal passages — dried them, in fact, to a brittle parchment consistency. And by the time my daily dose of antihistamines had risen to six or seven strong pills a day, I was having a lot of trouble with a side effect, a "soporific effect," the doctor called it. As far as I was concerned, it just made me dopey.

By 1959 one thing became clear: I couldn't go on living this half-life. If the doctors couldn't help me, I'd have to help myself. But how? The only method I could think of was to treat the mystery of my colds as just that: a mystery story in which a methodical old-fashioned detective notes down every fact and circumstance connected with the case. I started to chart the incidence of my symptoms against a variety of surrounding phenomena: the daily pollen count as reported in the newspapers, temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, cloud cover, precipitation, wind velocity and direction. An added ingredient was the medication I took and the effect of it, if any, on my colds.

By mid-October I was ready to concede that the experiment was a failure. No discernible pattern emerged. I continued to acquire colds of varying intensity which bore no discernible relationship to my charted facts. Then, a few days later, came the first small crack in the mystery. The tail end of a hurricane lashed Washington. High winds swirled through the streets and the parks, denuding the trees of their autumn leaves and piling them up like snowdrifts — and I came down with the most devastating cold I had ever experienced.

Later, when I could stagger outdoors, I lugged my records to the office of an air-force doctor who had been taking a sympathetic but hitherto ineffective interest in my case.

"What happened in the last few days to make a wreck out of me?" I asked.

He agreed to look over my charts and call me back. Next day when he telephoned he sounded almost optimistic. "Look, there was a lot of wind three days ago, right? And a lot of leaves blowing around, right? Well, I happen to have been reading a recently published medical book that suggests leaf molds might be a cause of allergy."

"Leaf mold?" I asked. "Well, I've been dealing with allergists for more than 25 years and I've never even heard it mentioned. What *is* leaf mold?"

"I'm no allergist," he said, "so I'm not quite sure. But I thought I'd mention it."

So I set out in pursuit of knowledge about leaf molds. If they were my enemy, just what were they? What I discovered was far from reassuring. In the first place, the people who knew most about them were botanists who took little or no interest in their effects on human beings, but classified them as *10 thousand* species of fungi that move in on the stems, trunks and leaves of trees, plants and grasses and make themselves at home there. In size they range all the way from Spanish moss that inhabits many trees in the South, to the Dutch Elm disease that has practically wiped out the elms of North America, to the bloom on grapes which determines whether the grapes will produce a tokay, a sherry, a madeira or a port.

Obviously, I was not reassured by what I learned about the so-called "leaf mold" that was afflicting me. (One expert told me, "There's not even an accepted form of nomenclature.") But another clue appeared. One of the few allergists who accepted the leaf mold theory pointed out to me that the difference between pollens and leaf mold was this: Pollen is a by-product of a plant, the male element of a process of pollination (or, unhappily, triggering an allergy in human beings). Pollen dies when the weather turns cold or it becomes covered by snow. Leaf mold (for want of a better name), on the other hand, is a "primary entity." It has its own life cycle. In cold weather it forms a protective capsule around itself and its spores. A period of comparatively warm weather releases the mold and spores which then become part of the atmosphere, invisible usually, though sometimes seen as a faint haze. The molds' covering is moisture-soluble, so when molds are breathed into the nose, throat or lungs the outer part is dissolved and the protein content of the mold enters the bloodstream. It's this protein that's the villain of the piece.

Now that I could "program" leaf molds into the plot of my detective story, the pattern became gratifyingly obvious. In Paris, after six weeks of fine fall weather, there was a stormy day followed by sun and wind. I immediately came down with a flash cold. Now for the first time I began noting the pattern of colds among other people, on the ground that if my leaf-mold theory was correct, the allergens must affect others. Surely I couldn't be the world's only victim.

WELL, THAT DAY in Paris my wife, who practically never catches cold, developed a severe one. And at the office every fifth member of the staff was snuffling and sneezing in misery. Another day, after a big storm, I had to cancel a date to take my daughter to a movie because a flash cold had laid me low — along with my daughter. After we patched up the runny-nose symptoms with massive doses of antihistamine, we went to the movie. The snuffling and sneezing among the audience almost drowned out the sound track.

And so the record continued: holiday in the Swiss mountains, little snow, warm breezy days — five out of six in our party down with flash colds within 48 hours. On the island of Minorca when a strong breeze blew from the wooded mainland, it seemed that half the population, including myself, were coughing, sneezing and running at the nose. The natives blamed the "cold north wind," although the temperature was 75. I saw no point in imparting my theory. The Minorcans simply would not have believed that the wind could carry cold-causing substances all those miles across the sea. But I had evidence that leaf molds and spores are prodigious travelers. Once an airplane in which I was traveling 20,000 feet over Colorado flew through a cloud of allergen. Within a couple of hours of landing five of the passengers — I among them, of course — were down with flash colds.

Now that I had solved the cause of my problem, at any rate to my own satisfaction, the cure should have been relatively simple: immunization of the kind used for any allergy. But I found the specialists I consulted skeptical of the whole idea, probably because a layman was presuming to formulate a medical theory that the doctors knew little or nothing about.

WHEN I DID find an allergist to work on me, he put me through *six months* of routine allergy tests before grudgingly admitting that maybe leaf mold was my enemy after all. Then started a nine-month course of immunization injections, followed by booster shots every 14 days. The results were spectacular. My flash colds and all their unpleasant symptoms were reduced almost to vanishing point. It was like starting life anew, and I was understandably proud of the final success of my do-it-yourself medical research.

That should have been the happy end of my story, but it wasn't quite. Two years later in Paris I had an agonizing setback: three bad allergic spasms that got out of control and developed into cold cycles as severe as those of the bad old days.

Soon afterward I was in Germany and, understandably depressed, I sought out a U.S. Air Force doctor who had taken an interest in my charts and records. He reviewed my recent history. He mused over the events for a while, then asked, "How often do you take your booster shots?"

"Every two weeks," I answered.

"And how long after a shot did you get your attacks?"

I told him my records were in Paris, but I'd let him know. The first thing I did when I got home was to look up the dates and telephone the doctor. "Nine, 11 and 13 days after the shots."

"Good," he said cheerfully. "I was hoping that was the case. Obviously, when the leaf-mold situation is at its worst, your shots don't immunize you for the full 14 days. Try taking them once a week."

Well, that *is* the end of the story. That was four years ago, and today I can say (of course with fingers crossed) that I have licked my old enemy, leaf mold. ★

The biggest scandal: a society lady married her chauffeur

tial In the upper echelon aristocratic traditions are observed including discrimination There is no rule about keeping Jews out of their clubs, but Jews are kept out nonetheless There are a few divorces but the biggest scandal I can remember was when one of the old family ladies married her chauffeur So you have this funny situation of a rich provincial town stuck in a geographical appendix between Toronto and Detroit thinking that it is the centre of the world"

Well you can be sure that a lot of Londoners take umbrage at this estimate "Nonsense" says Premier Roberts Col Weldon who was on the university board for 22 years and served as chairman for nine says he has a good idea who this professor is and that he is a troublemaker who isn't even from London was that right? "We've got a Jew in the club" says Col Weldon. "Membership has nothing to do with race or religion. You come here to meet your friends. How would you feel if you walked in here and didn't know anybody?" (It is true, however that the faculty association of the University of Western Ontario has passed a resolution aimed at the London Club and the London Hunt and Country Club that university functions not be held on the premises of any institution practising discrimination in its membership Joseph Jeffery says the one Jewish member of both clubs "is a very fine chap" Jeffery adds "I have urged them to put a Jew there I think the barriers are coming down But some years ago when I had Ralph Bunche [the American Negro diplomat at the United Nations] as my guest I asked somebody if I could bring him around to the Hunt Club They said they would rather I didn't I was very annoyed. A lot of people have said that I damn well should have brought him around anyway and made an issue of it But I didn't want him to be embarrassed")

London's reputation as a gold-paved enclave of millionaires is difficult to document The city nearest London in size and location Windsor has a higher per capita income $5,531 per year to London's $5,023 but this statistic doesn't mean much until you break it down. From income sources associated with wealth — dividends, bond and bank interest estate and mortgage income and foreign investment — Londoners obtain more than $22 million a year Windsor less than $12 million At one time when London's population was about 60,000 the city was supposed to have 60 millionaires "I doubt that it's got 200 now" says a Western economist "but if you threw a bomb into the London Club I'm damned sure you'd hit 60 any lunch hour" The real substance of London he adds is "the hundreds of near-rich and small-rich managers executives and professional men with substantial portfolios and maybe some real estate Some of these guys meet socially at the Sunningdale Golf Club I've heard them refer to the Hunt Club types as snobs and old fogeys It's hard to say who is snubbing whom"

Surprisingly nobody the London Chamber of Commerce denies the charge that it once discouraged new industry on aesthetic or exclusive grounds It agrees though that London is still a city of small decentralized industry "The old families are maintaining their money and prestige" says Hugh Smith general manager of the Chamber "But new industry has brought in top management from other parts of Canada and the States and there has been a melding of civic and business leadership" London's old money derives from real estate oil and coal brewing banking communications insurance, trusts and finance companies With the Cronyns, the Jefferys Col Weldon and the Iveys stand such civic pillars as Walter Blackburn fourth-generation publisher of the London *Free Press* (now 20 percent owned by the Southam chain) and holder of a radio-TV franchise H J McManus a trucking magnate and owner of the Hotel London Maj-Gen. Alexander C Spencer who invented an oil-cracking process and earned a fortune in royalties and Fred Kingsmill real-estate entrepreneur and owner of a drygoods store whose antique façade would not have raised an eyebrow in Stephen Leacock's Mariposa

As V P Cronyn is London's representative Old Family scion at leisure Joe Jeffery is the city's compleat executive. Jeffery's law practice (staff of 50) and chairmanship of London Life (founded by his grandfather) are only the half of it From his pine-paneled office on King Street, the walls covered with photographs of horses, yachts, ancestors and famous friends, Jeffery keeps his thumb on half-a-dozen other enterprises including a radio station a parking garage and a large real estate operation He has 25 directorships including The Canada Trust Co. The Toronto-Dominion Bank and Hiram Walker-Gooderham and Worts Ltd At 60 he is still an ambitious man "We're after a TV station and maybe a newspaper" he says "We're fed up with Blackburn's communications monopoly Col Weldon said he would put a sizable chunk into a daily newspaper with me but so far I've been talked out of it by my friends John Bassett [publisher of the Toronto *Telegram*] and Roy Thomson [Lord Thomson of Fleet] They say we'd lose a million" Jeffery says he has already burned his fingers three times, in a motion-picture processing business, a dairy and a nightclub "The problem was that I didn't know the technical side well enough to talk to the managers," he explains

An increasingly liberal and youthful university faculty has been changing Western's image from pious conservatism to what the Old Families are fond of describing as "a hotbed of radicalism" An example of the sort of radicalism they resent is a sermon preached three years ago by Dr Ted Mann an Anglican priest who was then a Western sociology professor Mann a troublesome type who sensed that he was being squeezed off the faculty (largely because he'd undertaken a campus sex survey) seized the opportunity to blister what he called "an interlocking London elite" for complacency class prejudice self-seeking and standing in the way of progress. The elite he said consisted of the university administration, the mass-media monopoly the bishop and executive council of the Anglican diocese centred in London, and the old moneyed interests To which other university observers add London's venerable now shrinking military establishment "More brigadiers have

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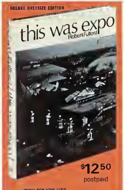

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Why Hume Cronyn left his home town

come back here to retire than to any other army base in Canada," says a professor. "See, they are the kind of people who love to get in with a clique. London has the most entrenched and beautifully complex clique since the Family Compact."

That London is a cliquish town few Londoners bother to deny. "Socially I guess I stay pretty much with the older families," says Jeffery. "I know that a lot of people have never quite been accepted. One of the oddities of the place is the extent to which the old families have intermarried. You have to be damn careful what you say about so-and-so, because the guy you are talking to is probably his uncle."

London Clubbers will tell you privately that even certain establishment figures are not quite . . . quite. "Joe McManus is a St Thomas boy," says one, as if that explains everything. "He's a fine fellow, a Catholic you know — nothing wrong with that, is there? — and a bit brash. He brought professional wrestling back to London. I've heard it said he bought the Hotel London so he could play host."

Although there is nothing wrong with being a Catholic, or a Jew, or a German (after British, Germans are the biggest ethnic group in London, 5.8 percent of the population) almost every member of the London elite happens to be a WASP who attends St Paul's Cathedral, Cronyn Memorial Church, St John's in Arva (a wealthy suburb where Col Weldon raises Black Angus cattle) or the Church of St. John the Evangelist, all Anglican. "The church in London is a kind of microcosm of the community," says the Rev Dick Berryman, whose former parish was the prestigious London subdivision of Orchard Park, home of rising executives. "London is schizophrenic. In some ways it's a swinging place and in other ways it's so stuffy and conservative and insular and parochial that you can hardly believe it. In my parish, when I wanted to join the Salem freedom march everybody thought it was great. But if I changed the service one iota they jumped on me. Fred Kingsmill said I should be sent back to college because I referred to an altar one day instead of a Holy Table, which is the term used in the Prayer Book. I told him I was not quoting the Prayer Book but the Epistle to the Hebrews. That must have satisfied him, because he asked the warden for a blank cheque and donated $1,000 to our building fund."

Londoners are notoriously quick to resent any suggestion of condescension from Toronto, especially regarding cultural pursuits, Little Theatre, ballet, symphony and so on. The same defensiveness emerges in business situations. "When guys come in here and say 'I'm just back from the city' [meaning Toronto] I damn near throw 'em out of the office," says Col Weldon. V P Cronyn says that Torontonians "think everybody else is from the sticks. There are too many Toronto firms with branches here that don't have directors from London," he adds. "That causes resentment."

London is also touchy about its burgeoning population. H E Lumsden, a Toronto insurance executive who once lived in London, likes to play a little game with Londoners he meets. "I say, 'I guess London must have 100,000 people now,'" he says, "and they never fail to jump at the bait. 'Why, we've got over 200,000 people!' they always say. I get a nasty little kick out of it." There is a deep-seated feeling among the London establishment that Toronto is essentially rootless, unseemly. "Those society bastards dancing around in *Toronto Life* magazine," says Col Weldon. "They shouldn't put themselves on display like that."

An extreme lack of ostentation is what Hume Cronyn, the actor, best remembers about the people he knew as a boy in London. "Fortunes were not worn on the cuff," he says. "It was not good form to display one's money, and it wasn't until I was much older and far away that I realized there were wealthy people at home. An extremely conservative town — God, it's another world. I had a wonderfully happy childhood but I was aware fairly early that one's behavior in London was circumscribed. A great demand was placed on manners. Life's patterns were entirely predictable. I guess that one of the reasons I went off — although I wasn't conscious of it then — was to avoid the implied restrictions. One could be so comfortable there, and yet . . ."

London swings (decorously)

When several journalists decided that London (England) was the world's most swinging city, humorist Art Buchwald said he presumed they were referring to London, Ontario. If Londoners do swing, their arcs are rigidly prescribed.

Fred Kingsmill raises Ayreshire cattle on several hundred acres of land in the middle of a suburb.

An insurance executive says that the scion of one of London's oldest families has "more money than you could jump over with a pole." What does he do with it? "I think he jumps over it with a pole."

Col Weldon goes to Baden Baden annually to take the mineral baths.

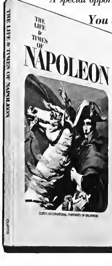
A group that calls itself the 32 Associates has been dabbling in the stock market since before World War II and using the proceeds to throw elaborate dinner parties.

At 4 a.m. a Western professor wakes up and sees a horse staring at him through his open bedroom window. Later he finds out that the horse was an escaped hunter belonging to the Master of Foxhounds at the Hunt Club.

V P Cronyn is a longtime member of the Echo Beach and Montcalm fishing clubs, both in Quebec. Trout and salmon, you know.

London's fox-hunt season begins in late September and ends with the coming of inclement weather. There are two hunts a week, the biggest at Thanksgiving drawing between 70 and 80 hunters.

continued on page 41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PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS

London remembers Slippery Jack: he tickled pretty girls

John Leonard Smallman, who at the age of 14 inherited the bulk of a multimillion-dollar estate, uses it to run Hillcrest, a racing stable. "The Old Families do not approve. He doesn't wear the mantle well," says a past president of the Hunt Club.

To find a really *dégagé* member of the London plutocracy you have to go back all of 101 years, to the garrison town days when British Army officers resorted to desperate measures to relieve colonial boredom. The officers and some London intellectuals formed a Canadian version of the British Hellfire Club (they called theirs the Hellfriar Club) and distributed broadsheets that poked fun at the military and the *nouveaux riches*. One night a member of this group bet a friend that he could break into a number of London homes that year without getting caught. "Slippery Jack," as he was christened by the local press, was able to outwit both the police and citizen volunteers despite the fact that his favorite midnight escapade was tickling the feet of pretty girls until they woke up giggling. Sundays would find this fellow twirling the waxed ends of his military mustache in his accustomed pew in St. Paul's. Eventually he returned with his regiment to England, where he assumed his father's peerage, having acquired an Indian-like stealth in the colonies.

More characteristic of London than the Slippery Jack affair was the occasion of the first royal visit in 1860. London has always been very big on royalty. A history of the city first published in 1900 is wonderfully smug about it all: "The demonstration on that occasion was said by one who accompanied the Prince of Wales to have been superior to anything elsewhere in Canada, where his visit was one continual ovation." The mayor's welcoming address to the Prince contained this line: "The fact that at most it is only 40 years since, in the locality where you now stand, none but the Red Indian dozed under the shade of the primeval forest, will sufficiently explain to Your Royal Highness why we can conduct you to no magnificent buildings . . . but we are persuaded that you can well appreciate the results of an industry which . . . is necessarily more marked by the useful than the ornamental."

Indeed. Using every cliché he could lay hands on, the Prince responded in kind: "The country through which I have passed this day presents the spectacle of a population prosperous and happy. Its progress alike excites admiration and astonishment, and the industry evinced on every side has nearly supplanted the trackless forest of past generations by smiling fields and pastures reminding one of those which so many of you have quitted in your youth."

Driving home to Toronto on the Macdonald Cartier Freeway you can see the fields and pastures smiling, all right, but it is hard to see the Red Indians dozing under the shade of the primeval forest. What you keep seeing when you look over at the lush country under a patina of green like old copper are a lot of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants — Anglicans, almost certainly — dozing in leather chairs at the London Club. That's the spectacle of a population prosperous and happy, you tell yourself, driving home ★

PARADE

We don't comment,
we just report

Back in February a busload of social workers headed out for a day's visit to a residential rehabilitation centre in the ski country north of Toronto. A blizzard came on and they were marooned there overnight. The girls thought it was a great adventure, and the superintendent helpfully found not only beds for them all but also nighties and even toothbrushes. When several young married women in the group were found whispering together worriedly in the corridor, another request went up the line. The pharmacy was obligingly opened and the day saved by a ration of birth-control pills.

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MEDITATION *continued from page 29*

Meditation, they said, made them happier, more energetic

lessened and our health improves."

The Maharishi laughed and went on to answer questions. All this, he said, could begin quickly and easily without struggles of the mind and without giving up any of life's pleasures. I couldn't quite buy this. I guess I had picked up the idea somewhere in my background that the road to inner peace and happiness was strewn with unsuccessful souls. I knew such a thing existed for man but I had the idea that getting there required excruciating suffering, the renunciation of worldly goods and pleasures, and the subverting of one's ego to reach a Gandhian state of desirelessness. Although I didn't know how one meditated "transcendentally," I simply didn't believe it could be that easy to find the keys I wanted to find to open the doors I wanted to open. But I was interested.

The following two days I spent at the YMCA hostel talking with some of the people going to Rishikesh. They were really a very mixed bag: a sweet little old British lady, a middle-aged American physicist, Benjamin Lange, a Canadian student, Bonita Glossner, a lovely 25-year-old multilingual translator from Sweden, Kieran Kilroy, a young Irish poet, and Abe Jeha, a boutique owner from Vancouver. Each of them told me they'd begun to attain what the Maharishi promised through meditation. Decision-making and problem solving were easier. Frustrations were lessened and they became happier and more energetic.

I became even less skeptical after talking with James George, the Canadian High Commissioner in India. A tall, stately man, he exudes a feeling of inner calm and strength and I greatly valued his thoughts. For years he'd been meditating using another method and as far as he was concerned it was essentially a way of getting closer to who you really are, of getting to know yourself better. I decided to try it.

It was an overnight train trip from New Delhi to the town of Hardwar and another 40 minutes by taxi to Rishikesh. The town sits by the edge of the Ganges River and the whole area, extending for miles up the river into the mountains, is considered by Hindus to be sacred ground. As we drove to the river, pilgrims walked in groups down the roadside singing hymns. And hundreds of sadhus, in orange cotton dhotis, each faded to a different shade by the sun, made their way to the temples and ashrams by the river to speak with their gods, and to bathe in the sacred waters.

At the river bank a motorboat took pilgrims and visitors across to the ashrams on the other side. From there it was a short half mile walk back down the river and several hundred feet up a narrow path to the Maharishi's ashram.

I had made very vague arrangements through some of the people I

continued on page 45

PARADE

On second thought, let
Mother make her own breakfast

An offer like this doubtless can never be repeated, so we want you to know about the supermarket in Regina that advertised: "Mother's Day starts with breakfast in Bed!!! Aspirin 63c Magnolax 88c."

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YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT

CANADIANA

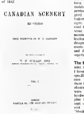
ANSWERED BY GERALD STEVENS

Bartlett's Canada

MR. J. V., NORTH VANCOUVER

The two books described in your letter could very well be an interesting set of Canadiana. The majority of private libraries contain much information and intellectual pleasure but very little monetary value. However illustrated records of visits made to Canada during the pre-Confederation period could very well be in another category. And an original edition of *Canadian Scenery by N. P. Willis Esq. Illustrated from drawings by W. H. Bartlett London 1842* in two volumes is one of the better known examples.

There is one small mystery associated with the page illustrated in the photograph: why is the date "1842" written rather than printed? It is well known that these famous works were published in several formats and sometimes rebound in one volume, but I have not previously encountered the pencilled date of 1842.



CANADIAN SCENERY

ILLUSTRATED

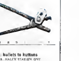
FROM DRAWINGS BY W. H. BARTLETT

N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

VOL. I

LONDON

As all librarians and many collectors know the Bartlett illustrations for *Canadian Scenery* have provided the source material for a great number of 19th and 20th-century potteries, printing houses and artists. Indeed the famous painter Cornelius Krieghoff and the Staffordshire potters Francis Morley & Co., were inspired by or "cribbed" the works of Bartlett. The well known firm of Currier & Ives used his works as the basis of a number of Canadian views. Bartlett's works appear to be immortal and are at this moment being offered on modern ceramic table settings, paper place mats and other articles. In addition, many of the original books have been and are being broken up and the engravings hand colored. His views of Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and other specific locations appear to be the most desirable.



Molds: bullets to buttons

MR. C. A., HALEY STATION, ONT

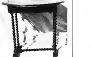
Your instrument, dug up in an Ontario garden, is a form of bullet mold introduced during the early 19th century. The movable cover or "lid" is not unique but is seldom encountered in Canadian collections.

Molds for various purposes have of course been used from the earliest historic period in Canada. They include molds to form such collector's items as pewter basins, plates, *ecuelles* (porringers), spoons, snow birds, crucifixes and buttons in a multitude of forms and designs. (Early molds are currently being used to manufacture "reproductions" — some of which become "antiqued"!) A number of early molds used to cast leaden musket balls, buttons, etc., were designed with two or more compartments connected by narrow openings, and the series of objects so cast were separated and trimmed by hand.

The table from everywhere

MRS. R. D., FORT FRANCES, ONT

I have received many photographs of this specific design of table from every province. This documentation suggests that these tables were very popular and manufactured in all areas. A small number were produced in native and imported hardwoods but the majority were of pine, basswood etc. In general the concept of these tables remained constant, and the spool shaped turnings and "block" or one-piece form of base design are basic. The tops may be oval or rectangular and the skirts may be narrow or deep, plain or shaped. The period of popularity was lengthy and in Canada would be circa 1860-1880.



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talked with in New Delhi, and I arrived not knowing whether I'd be allowed to stay. I was met by Raghvendra, a *brahmachari*, or novice monk, who was one of the Maharishi's disciples. After welcoming me with the customary tea and toast he showed me to a tent I could sleep in just outside the main area where the people on the course stayed, and told me that I could stay several days at least.

During the next few days Raghvendra and I talked often and we became very close. He was a slight young man in his early 30s with a light brown complexion. There was always a twinkling joy in his eyes and whenever we looked at each other we couldn't help smiling. Raghvendra had spent many years looking for a *guru* and when he finally met the Maharishi, two years ago, he gave up his law studies and became one of the Maharishi's lifetime students.

Raghvendra was to "initiate" me, to teach me how to meditate, but he wanted me to relax and wait for a few days. The method was simple and innocent, he said, and the best way to approach it was without preconceived ideas of what was supposed to happen. And so I spent a long but restful week sitting on the flat rooftop of a guest house at the edge of the ashram.

From where I sat the trees, in a myriad carpet of greens and yellows, swept slightly down and away and then swooped up the foothills to where they met the purest blue sky I'd seen. A mile away the river came sliding out of the hills a clear turquoise color, and bubbled past below the ashram on the start of its long trek across the plains to the Bay of Bengal. It was almost always sunny and there was a carefree happiness in the air as green parakeets played in the trees and monkeys ventured warily onto the roof in search of food.

Just sitting there alone showed me one of the keys to greater happiness. It was such a simple lesson that I was amazed I hadn't known it sooner, and I was sure many people had learned it a long time ago. By my not moving as quickly, not physically passing life by as fast, the trees became greener, the sky more open, and the world became prettier and more joyful. But it was more than that. For some reason moving slowly allowed a happiness from within to come to the surface. I had no tangible reason to feel so happy, but I did, and it was just beautiful.

The initiation took place in Raghvendra's quarters with only the two of us there. We sat cross-legged on the floor and began with a short *puja*, a traditional Hindu offering of fruit, flowers, cloth, and prayers. Raghvendra sang the prayers and although I didn't know what they meant I felt the closeness a student sometimes feels with his teacher. He then told me my *mantra*, or sound, that I would use in meditating. *Mantras* can be words, which lose their meaning through repetition. But mine was simply a one-syllable configuration of letters that gave a soft sound when pronounced. He instructed me in how to say the sound silently and just easily follow it, listening to it. I tried it for a few minutes and he asked me to describe what I was experiencing, to make sure I was using the technique

PARADE

Copper topper

A security guard on outside patrol at a Montreal factory keeps an eye on the whole neighborhood and sees a lot of strange sights. Recently he witnessed a fine pantomime performance going on outside his fence. A motorcycle cop pulled up to a light truck, waved the driver out of the cab and took up a businesslike pose at the rear of the truck, ticket pad at the ready. When the driver joined him the cop pointed dramatically at the tail of the truck where close observation revealed one small light burned out. The driver began to wave his arms in heated protest and explanation, but the cop just shook his head. Then a police cruiser rushed to the rescue, an even bigger cop got out and joined the first in glaring at the miscreant. By this time the truck driver was fairly jumping up and down in righteous indignation and he was pointing dramatically at the tail of the police cruiser. Sure enough, one of its rear lights was burned out, too. Exit cruiser, motorcycle and truck. No ticket.

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Toyota hasn't squandered on strength and comfort at the expense of safety... No! The Crown has an energy absorbing perimeter frame, power assisted front disc brakes, collapsible steering column, impact absorbing steering wheel, fully padded dash and windshield pillars and tinted safety glass all round.
Crown is powered by a hemi head overhead cam six engine and comes with four on the floor or automatic (optional).
Crown's only other optional extra... a radio.

The new Toyota Crown

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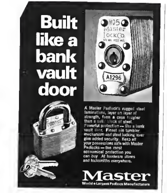
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MEDITATION *continued*

"The outside world seemed to recede"

properly. Then after reminding me that the *mantra* was mine, and secret, he left me alone to meditate for the first time.

I relaxed and shut my eyes and just let thoughts come and go. As I became engrossed in my thoughts the outside world seemed to recede. I no longer noticed the wind in the trees or the sound of far away talking. I was alone with my thoughts. Then I gently replaced my thoughts with my *mantra*. I silently said my sound and listened to it, followed it. Now only the sound was in my conscious mind. As the sound faded no verbalized thoughts replaced it and I was left in a place without sound and without thought. A second later that faithful little observation voice in my head said, "Hey! that's it" — which right away took me away from "it" and I was again thinking verbalized thoughts.

That place "it" was a place of silence and darkness and peace. I didn't notice that while I was there. But right afterward, after my observation voice spoke, I noticed that I had been there and that I felt peaceful and quiet. I realized that I must have transcended. I hadn't fallen asleep but it was a very restful place and I wanted to experience it again. I continued meditating for about three quarters of an hour and transcended once more for a second or two. Most of the time I just thought about things and my thinking seemed clearer and less cluttered than usual.

When I decided to stop I waited a couple of minutes, slowly opened my eyes and went outside into the sunshine. I walked slowly back to the guest house feeling rested and calm. I felt mildly euphoric, turned on at being alive. As I sat down on the rooftop I couldn't help smiling at the friendly hills and enjoying the vibrations of feeling alive and the oneness with the world that comes with it. I didn't really know if it was the meditating or just pre-suggestion but I felt just great.

Although I accepted that there really was something to meditating, I didn't think there was anything mystical about the method or the Maharishi. As far as I was concerned the Maharishi had a method I could use to be happier and live better, but he wasn't a god, and it kind of turned me off seeing some of the people worshipping him. I also doubted some of his claims about meditation — for example, his belief that it would lead to world peace.

I was reminded of these doubts during one of the Maharishi's press conferences. For about a week after The Beatles arrived, 20 or 30 reporters and photographers came each day to find out what was going on during the course. In the afternoon the Maharishi would come to an open area beside the tent I slept in and seated there in a chair, with one of his disciples holding a large black umbrella above his head to shield him from the sun and the reporters seated on cushions on the ground, he talked about meditation and answered any questions.

The day I listened in, an American reporter asked, "What success have you had here in India?" The Maharishi answered that in the past they had little success in India but were now going to increase their efforts. He continued, "The Indian people are poor and they are lazy and meditation will give them the energy and drive to work harder and better themselves." The reporter tried to suggest that poverty was not a simple matter of laziness. The Maharishi just laughed in his charming but evasive way and said, "With meditation they will overcome their poverty."

I was disappointed by his political naiveté and his evasiveness. I thought he should have gone into the problem of poverty more deeply. Meditation seemed good for me, but then I'm a middle - class Westerner who's never really had to worry where his next meal would come from. I could afford to focus on how I related to the world and how it related to me. But how universal were the effects of meditation? What would it do for those very real starving millions in India and elsewhere who spend most of their waking hours trying to stay alive? I was as unsure of the answers after the press conference as I was before it.

One afternoon Paul McCartney, his girlfriend Jane Asher and I talked about the Maharishi as we sat having tea at one of the long tables overlooking the river. Both of them had been meditating five months and felt it was a valuable thing, that through meditation they were accomplishing good things in their heads and finding great contentment. They liked the Maharishi and respected his intelligence and were enthused by his love for life. But they had a down-to-earth view of him.

Jane Asher was especially put off by his evasiveness, and McCartney was worried that this, and some of his political statements, would be emphasized by the press and people might miss the essential good the Maharishi was trying to pass on. The Beatles, McCartney said, were upset by the comments the Maharishi made about draft dodgers when he was last in the United States. They felt he lost many American young people when he said that young men should obey the law and not evade the draft. "Any fool can make a law," McCartney went on, "that doesn't mean it's right. The Maharishi doesn't know much about world affairs and we've been telling him about Vietnam and what's happening there so he'd understand why some of the young men won't fight. The Maharishi just laughs when he can't answer a question and it alienates people. He really must learn to just say 'I don't know' when he does not. He'll be more respected for it."

They both spoke warmly about the Maharishi and it was in no way a put down. They felt as I did that the Maharishi was human, that he couldn't walk on water. But neither was he a charlatan.

He *does* have a method which can help people get closer to what they want to be and what they want in life. And the method works. As I kept at it the meditating seemed at times to be very good and at times just mediocre. When I was too concerned with what was happening, when my observation voice was active, I didn't transcend very often, but I still felt rested and happy afterward. I was getting places in my head. I felt much more in tune with myself.

The Maharishi explains that we have fields of peace and happiness within us and a natural propensity to seek them out, to reach inner peace. Often we are distracted from it and we look in the wrong direction, searching outside ourselves for peace. I think this is true.

Man's primary urge is to survive and to enjoy surviving, to survive with a maximum of happiness and a minimum of agony. We all have a great capacity to love and to be loved, to be happy and to make others happy. Yet we are constantly pushed and pulled by strong social forces, exerted by others and by ourselves, that tend to make us look outside for contentment. We are taught that peace and happiness come with external things, success, possessions, doing better than others, and these values take us away from an inner peace and the feeling of oneness with creation that comes with it. Instead we are made to feel separate and we become alienated. Many of us build shells and defenses and colored filters to protect ourselves from threatening people and emotions and conditions.

It's hard to avoid this. We can't just leave the world. But perhaps in looking at the world through these filters and living behind these defenses we lock out more than we lock in. In the rush of trying to survive we lock out the beauty of flowers as much as the beauty of emotions. We think that the defenses and doors protect us and allow us to be happy, when they really keep us from a greater peace. The result is that conflicts develop between our defenses and our inherent desires to achieve serenity, and this causes hang-ups, and they in turn create a lot of hassle.

I found that meditating was one way to get past these defenses and get closer to where I lived. By momentarily shutting out the external pushes and pulls I could go through the shells and be alone with myself in a plane of existence and calm. Coming back from that place I could look more clearly at my hang-ups, and could see where the doors were that lead through them.

The words are nebulous; they must be, because it's such a personal process. And although it's an internal thing I don't think it's selfish. By knowing ourselves better we can better know others. The fewer filters we look through the more clearly we see. The less tense and hung-up we are within the less we project it on others. The more we can feel peace, love and warmth, the more we can give.

One of the reporters who came to the ashram suggested that The Beatles, Mia Farrow and Donovan, the British pop singer, were really involved for the publicity or for some reason other than the meditation, but it's not true. Sure The Beatles seem to have everything a man could want, but they haven't all there is to be found within themselves. They are looking for the same inner peace that all men want, and they said that meditating was helping them.

Donovan, one of the few real poets of the pop-music world, felt the same way. A very soft-spoken and sincere person, he said one day as we sat in the Maharishi's house that meditating relaxed him and gave him a better outlook on life. He also said it helped him in his work. Last year he did an exhausting 19-city tour of North America and before each concert he meditated for half an hour and went out on stage relaxed and totally refreshed.

When Mia Farrow left New York for India she was harried and really uptight. I happened to see her outside her hotel in New Delhi when she got upset at a photographer dogging her heels and ran at him, hitting him with her bag. A second later she stopped and walked away and I could see in her face how upset she was. She was close to tears. In Rishikesh she seemed much happier and less tense. She's a sweet, gentle young woman

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and when she left the ashram to return to work she said that meditating was really helping her.

In all I spent two and a half very peaceful weeks in the ashram and then decided to return home. Those few weeks of going slow and meditating, of being more alone with myself, more than ever before helped me resolve the hang-ups that were bothering me most. By getting closer to who I was so what I wanted I found that loving my girlfriend was much more important to me than traveling. I could see the world some other time.

As for the ego hang-up, I talked with John Lennon about it and learned that he had had the same problem. He still had it he said but it wasn't much of a hang-up anymore. Ego was not a bad thing, and the idea was not to get rid of it; that was virtually impossible. He quoted the Maharishi saying that ego was a good thing. The important question was whether your ego manifestations resulted in good for others, or in hurt for others. Talking with him was one of those little keys. It helped me see the hang-up in a better perspective and now it's just not so much of a hassle.

This doesn't mean to say that I have realized inner peace and happiness — far from it. I have, however, found a few keys to a few doors in my head. The real battle is in opening the doors and working along the paths that lie behind them, the paths to greater self knowledge and contentment. Old habits and inertia and the pain in lowering some of the defenses make it a slow step-by-step struggle. But it's easier for me now to know which is the right direction to move in, and every time I sit quietly and make a good decision I get closer to being what I want to be. And it feels good. There's also that inner happiness at being alive that comes to the surface even without the obvious stimuli of being loved, or doing a good job, or giving someone a flower.

But the answers aren't necessarily in India. As George Harrison says the answers lie mostly within us.

Without going out of your door
You can know all things on earth
Without looking out of your window
You can know the ways of heaven
The farther one travels
The less one knows
The less one really knows
Arrive without traveling
See all without looking
Do all without doing

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RICH LOOK FASHIONS

Where to buy

continued from page 28

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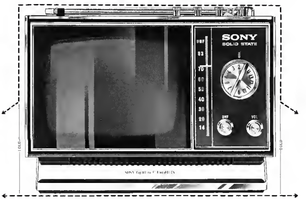

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RICH BY NOT WORKING *continued from page 31*

Who are the cheaters? "Honest" people

a beginning — when the civil-service establishment is released from the "freeze" imposed by the government's strict economy campaign, enlargement of the UIC's investigation force will be much more substantial and detection of frauds will rise accordingly.

"You give us 500 men, we've got work for 500," says a regional director. "Give us 50 and we'll have work for 50."

Stricter enforcement will not necessarily mean heavier punishment. Of the 2,500 men and women prosecuted and convicted in the past year only 17 have gone to jail and the fines levied on the remainder averaged only $56.84 apiece. Enforcement officers are not at all unhappy about this leniency. It's detection, not punishment, that has the deterrent effect, they say, and in unemployment-insurance frauds the deterrent effect of being caught is very high.

"We used to keep a separate file for those who had been caught cheating," says an Ottawa official, "but we gave it up as not worthwhile. The repeaters don't run higher than one percent of all cases. For the other 99 percent, being caught once is enough."

One reason for this is that those who cheat the unemployment-insurance fund are not, as a rule, criminals or habitual law evaders. An astonishing number of intelligent, otherwise honest people have the illusion that the UIC "owes" them the money they have paid as premiums, and that in drawing benefits they are merely "getting their money back." In fact, of course, each insured employee pays only 40 cents of each dollar contributed in premiums, with his employer and the taxpayer putting up the rest; moreover, the benefits paid during unemployment are vastly higher than the premium paid by or on behalf of any individual. That's why periods of heavy unemployment exhaust the entire fund, as happened in 1961 when the government had to make special advances directly from the federal treasury to a fund that in four years had been reduced from $921 millions to zero.

What *does* discourage the UIC's enforcement staff (though as good civil servants they can't say so in public) is the variety of legal loopholes in the unemployment-insurance act. They calculate that "misuse" of unemployment insurance (*i.e.*, claims that are not justifiable in terms of need or common sense but are perfectly legal) costs far more than the "abuse" by unlawful elements. The reason for these gaps in the law is the failure to distinguish between an insurable risk and a welfare payment.

For seasonal workers some period of unemployment each year is not a risk. It's a certainty. Lumberjacks and gardeners, Great Lakes sailors and highway laborers all know their jobs will end before Christmas each year; some are paid accordingly high wages to tide them over the slack times. Yet all these job categories have, from the beginning, been insured against the "risk" of unemployment on the same basis as those that are continuous the year round.

This anomaly was aggravated when, 11 years ago, the government decided to admit self-employed fishermen to the "insurable" categories, and it was further aggravated last year by the addition of farm workers. In both cases the intention was worthy enough — it was to help relieve the desperate poverty that is commonplace in Newfoundland outports. Apparently the government did not realize that in providing "insurance" for these welfare cases, they were also "insuring" the prosperous fishermen of British Columbia, for whom the annual winter break is a pleasant vacation and whose unemployment-insurance cheques cover only a fraction of their bar bills.

Even in Newfoundland and other areas where the poverty is all too real, the enforcement of regulations is almost impossible. In one recent case, the UIC had to fly a whole court into a Newfoundland outport to conduct 22 prosecutions for unemployment-insurance fraud. All 22 accused were convicted, but the operation was neither palatable nor profitable to anyone concerned.

There is only one way to remove this difficulty: rewrite the law to put welfare cases into one category, insurable employment into another. Assess employers according to the amount of unemployment they create each year — e.g., the annual shutdowns in the automobile industry for changing of jigs and dies — instead of letting them charge a big fraction of their true labor cost to the government and the general public.

How much hope there is of such a fundamental change is a matter of speculation. But if the new government is looking for ways to demonstrate its resolution to reappraise and rethink policies, this might be a good place to start. ★

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JOHN PORTER *continued from page 9*

Who gets favored treatment in our schools? The middle class

systems are as inadequate as they are they cut down the opportunities for advancement to the very top.

Maclean's: So you think better education is the key problem in the sort of society we are moving into?

Porter: It's certainly the key in the sense that the more educated you are the less likely you are to become a welfare problem. The more educated the entire labor force, the more viable and the more productive this whole society becomes. But education is more than that. It is the key to the individual's opportunity to do what he wants. I would argue that the most important thing we have to do now is improve the educational systems we now have.

Maclean's: What's wrong with the present systems?

Porter: In Canada and the U.S. there are various selective factors in the schools that work against lower- and working-class kids. Any type of streaming or tracking in elementary schools tends to pattern the child's educational experience for a very long time. And if you look at the distribution by class in most of these streaming systems, it's the middle-class kid who gets an early start. The working-class child doesn't do well at the early selection procedures.

Maclean's: Why not?

Porter: Teachers don't expect him to learn quite as well as the bright, clean middle-class child, the tidy, well-behaved middle-class child. When middle-class children enter secondary schools they get selected and directed by guidance teachers, by principals and by a whole host of middle-class individuals who tend to operate the system with certain preconceived ideas. And so the middle class is over-represented in the academic high-school streams and the working or manual classes are over-represented in the shorter academic courses and technical courses. Canadians are quite wrong if they feel they don't have a streaming system. It's just that it operates within a public educational system. The moment you start building up school classes on the basis of performance and ability you have the social class problem arising.

Maclean's: And this is mainly because of background?

Porter: Indeed. There's no genetic or biological reason why working-class children on the average aren't exactly the same as the middle-class children. But what happens is that environmental influences greatly favor the middle-class child. In my book I said that no society in the modern period can afford to ignore the ability which lies in the lower social strata. The fact remains that in absolute numbers there are more of the highly intelligent in lower classes than in the higher.

Maclean's: So you are in favor of free university education?

Porter: Absolutely. And the students should be paid a living allowance while they're at university. I think it's one of the most pressing educational reforms we need. Because even when the low-income children do get to universities they tend to take the academic programs that are the shortest and least expensive — the pass-arts degree — because it's a quick journey back into the labor market. Lower-class students seldom make it into the honors or professional courses or go on into graduate work. We've got to relate talent to training by making people's financial resources an irrelevant factor. Universally, too. I wouldn't even bother with a means test.

Maclean's: Would this completely eliminate class bias in education?

Porter: Of course not. If you look at countries that have totally free systems, you still have class-biased institutions. But removing all fees is the first stage. Only after that would it be realistic to tackle some of the other problems that make educational systems class biased. Countries like England, France and Sweden — which have free systems and liberal grants — are now in a position to work out thoroughgoing educational reforms.

Maclean's: And you think such educational reforms take priority over any other reforms that could produce social equality?

Porter: Yes. Mind you, I think it's im-

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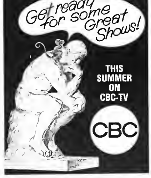
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portant and essential to have anti-poverty programs to deal with the present adult population. It's important to have manpower retraining schemes that try to give workers skills more appropriate for the kind of economy we now have. And it's important to establish basic income levels.

Maclean's: What about simply imposing a limit on incomes with prohibitive taxes?

Porter: I think there are certain features of our tax system that we could certainly do a great deal with. But this idea of soaking the rich in order to redistribute it to the poor — the money doesn't go very far once you start spreading it around among the poor. All efforts to out tax the rich everywhere have tended to fail because all taxing systems have enough loopholes that ways can be found around them. So one despairs of trying to create the egalitarian society in a Robin Hood fashion. However, I think in Canada we could escalate our graduated taxes a good deal more than we have.

Maclean's: So it comes back to education again.

Porter: I suspect that if one is concerned about the egalitarian society of the future, the so-called post-industrial society, the principle of equality is best served through really implementing systems of educational opportunity. For instance, I'd pay lower income families allowances to keep children in high school. That's absolutely essential. Because you see you can't really get rid of the inequalities that arise from the pressure on large low income families to send their kids into the labor market.

Maclean's: What else would you do?

Porter: After equality on the basis of educational opportunity, I would make very substantial efforts to break up inheritance. This strikes me as one of the sources of inequality. And I would have much heavier death duties and estate duties than exist at present.

Maclean's: In effect hitting at the upper middle class as well as the very rich?

Porter: I certainly don't see why well-educated children who are adults should inherit large sums of money at all. That's nothing to do with incentives. I'm prepared to accept the argument that differential incomes are needed to provide incentives. But I don't think that applies to inheritance.

Maclean's: One modern aim of middle-class parents is to be able to give or leave their children enough money to put a down payment on a house. Do you approve of that?

Porter: No. That's a good example of the kind of inequality I mean. It's very nice to have middle class parents who will put a down payment on a house. But I wouldn't consider it essential to keeping a good society going. Working-class families simply don't have such opportunities.

Maclean's: Won't we reach a stage where nobody can afford a house?

Porter: Why have houses? This again is simply a reflection of a class structure which supposes a person doesn't have status until he has a house and grounds.

Maclean's: Not just status, privacy.

Porter: I assume you can still have privacy in an apartment house. But we may have to give up such middle class ideas as complete privacy. One is struck by the poor private housing in Europe in contrast with the very lovely public places — streets, parks and so on.

Maclean's: So all in all we've got to revise our thinking about the great

MACLEAN'S

"Hi there! I'm an allegorical figure representing senseless conflict."

"Don't downgrade the value of money: poverty isn't blessed"

North American dream of affluence.

Porter: I think we are already revising it. Politicians for example don't talk in these terms any more. The onward and upward theme that used to be the Canadian motto during the days of C. D. Howe has been dropped. Politicians now talk more of the need to create a new kind of society. All sorts of doubts have been thrown on the quality of society we have at the moment. Unfortunately however, the federal government seems to be withdrawing as a creator of opportunities. But that's another problem.

Maclean's: In other words, we're all socialists now?

Porter: There's been a drift both toward and away from socialism. Obviously the kinds of incentives socialists hoped they would be able to rely on haven't proved out. Increasingly we see that high levels of consumption and high levels of output aren't necessarily related to socialistic or capitalistic forms of government. Rather, it's got something to do with industrialization.

Maclean's: You said earlier we are in a post-industrial society. What do you mean by that?

Porter: People these days are talking about the society that was spawned by the Industrial Revolution as being past. We're going through another industrial revolution, one in which the emphasis is on cybernation, science and technology with very greatly increased productive potential. This new society will radically change the character of life. It's going to be a very different kind of society.

Maclean's: In that brave new world, or indeed even now, is there much point in aspiring to be very rich? What does money buy you?

Porter: It's very foolish to downgrade the value of money for what it can provide. It can obviously provide a great range of things — all of which are, in a way, freedom. I would never want to say that poverty is blessed. I think that's one of the great misconceptions of Western Christendom. And as long as it holds as a value — the idea that money isn't very important, that not very nice people have money — it will be a great impediment to people who are re-educating themselves in order to have better jobs.

Maclean's: Money must remain as a reward?

Porter: It's very important that every society pays attention to the kind of reward system it has. The more complex the society becomes, the more arduous it is to learn and the longer people must postpone economic gratification in order to learn. There is also a greater responsibility taken on by the people who assume the higher positions. This obviously requires a system of differential rewards, differential remuneration. But we must look carefully at the kinds of differentials that are necessary to operate the system to keep it going.

Maclean's: Are some types of activities over rewarded?

Porter: Perhaps. Some of the highest incomes are earned not by businessmen but by actors and artists and people in the cultural field. They're rewarded because they have scarce talent and scarce talent will always demand extra rewards. I don't think differential rewards are bad providing they don't involve the impoverishment of others.

Maclean's: What about high fees charged by lawyers and medical specialists?

Porter: You can't ask a guy to go through the elaborate training of becoming a doctor without some form of reward. But some groups tend to create artificial scarcities. Doctors tend to do this in terms of the restrictions they impose on the qualifications needed to enter educational institutions. But again, these are things of the past. I think increasingly you'll find that the state will take over education, will take over the administration of health, and that doctors will increasingly be put on salaries. But they will have to be salaries that provide a high enough incentive for people to become doctors.

Maclean's: What about the top businessmen, the corporate elite? Are they over rewarded? *continued*

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Porter: Well, we are taxing them as much as we can. We are trying to close up tax loopholes and we are trying to narrow down the possibilities for capital gains. But unless we are prepared to establish a system of controls — which might be worse than what we have — we have to live with the market system. There is a market for a top executive and he'll be paid what the market will give him. But if you raise a man's salary, say to $120,000 a year from $100,000, you are probably giving him only another $5,000 take-home pay for handling a lot more headaches.

Maclean's: So the extra money probably doesn't buy him many more goods and services than he already has. But does it buy power?

Porter: The corporate elite obviously have power in the sense that they are very important in making the major developmental decisions in this country — of what's going to be invested where. They decide what sort of demands are going to be made on governments to do certain things: to build roads instead of universities. They have a certain amount of irresponsible power when it comes to problems of pollution, for instance. Any time there is a government move against the freedom and liberty the corporate world enjoys, the economic elite usually tries to move in. The present case involving drug companies and brand-name drugs is one example. So is the lobbying by insurance companies in relation to government-sponsored types of insurance.

Maclean's: And this elite runs Canada?

Porter: There's no doubt about that. Modern industrial societies are run by a small handful of people. And it is possible for this small handful to be very cohesive as a group, very much oriented to the same values, reflecting very much the same background and having common outlooks on many things.

Maclean's: And the elite in Canada perpetuates itself by recruiting its members from among very rich or the upper middle class? You discovered that there was very little movement from the lower middle to the upper middle class.

Porter: That's absolutely right. It's largely an exclusive elite in the sense that it is almost totally British — in some sectors the French are even excluded. It is a relatively small group of native-born Anglo-Saxons. But in some other societies the political system is much more independent, much more active in mobilizing the resources of the society in terms of overall goals. It's not so much that Canadian elites are unified, but that the political elite at the national level is so totally ineffective.

Maclean's: Why is that?

Porter: Well, in my book I showed that the majority of the political leaders in Canada have been drawn from the middle class. The upper class doesn't seem attracted to the turbulence of politics, and in any case the privileges they enjoy are not threatened by the holders of political power. Nor is there any tradition of working-class participation in politics. Canada has never produced political leaders through the trade-union or working-class movement. There has been no Lloyd George, no Ernest Bevin, no Ben Chifley.

Maclean's: And there haven't been many academics in government either.

Porter: That's right. And this, of course, is why everyone is so interested in Trudeau. I think the real problem with Canada is that its political system is being dismantled in a way and is ineffective to cope with national problems. Education is a very good example. The very treatment of education is scandalous when viewed as a problem of national resources. Politicians talk of mineral resources and forest resources, but neither of these are anything compared to the importance of human resources. The political system leaves the definition of major goals — and therefore the power — to the corporate elite. I think this is one of my major criticisms of contemporary Canada.

Maclean's: What do you think of Pierre Berton's *The Smug Minority*? Could he have written it without your original research?

Porter: A lot of people have said that he couldn't. I've only read the last part and thought it was a very brilliant piece of writing. A journalist has a role to present ideas in a somewhat more simplified, more straightforward, more popular form than academics.

Maclean's: Talking about elites, do you yourself happen to belong to Ottawa's Rideau Club?

Porter: Good God, no. ★

GORDON P. OSLER

continued from page 21

With a weak political elite, wealth fills the power vacuum

kids in nursery school and a kitchen and basement full of gadgets implies an income of $10,000 to $15,000 a year. These days only about 10 percent of all Canadian families are in that range.

Perfect upper-middle-class security, the ability to pay for university fees or give married children the down payment for a house, probably can't be had for less than $25,000. Official estimates show there are some 68,000 Canadians, just under half of them in Ontario, receiving more than $25,000. Real power and true membership in the economic elite is confined to the 5,700 Canadian residents with incomes above $100,000. And at the very pinnacle of the vertical mosaic are 633 people making $300,000 or more.

These estimates bear little relation to *taxable* income. The bigger and more varied the income, the easier it becomes to take advantage of intricate tax laws and avoid heavy taxation. For instance, the latest figures show there are only 850 Canadians paying tax on $100,000 or more and only 110 very top people with taxable incomes averaging $325,000 each.

The surprising thing is that a majority of the rich do, by definition, work for their money. In the $100,000-to-$200,000 class, 53 percent of the income comes from salaries, professional fees, business profits and commissions on sales. The rest, as might be expected, comes from what used to be called "unearned income" — mortgages, dividends, bond and bank interest, foreign investment and estate income.

Another source of income, which could be called either earned or unearned depending on how you look at it, is alimony payments. Canadian women milk ex-husbands for a total of $23.5 million each year. One anonymous woman alone pays taxes on $58,000 in alimony income. On the other hand, who would believe that Canadian men declare an alimony income totaling $376,000?

No matter where the money comes from, however, the room at the top is pretty cosy. Because of Canada's money-based public education systems, Porter discovered, elites perpetuate themselves and their ideology. Members are recruited from the ranks of the very rich or, more rarely, the upper middle class. It is almost impossible for a lower-middle-class person to make it into the big time. The concept of a *nouveau riche* in Canada is largely a myth. Hence the top people all tend to know each other to an astonishing extent. People who first met in prep school or a fraternity come together in boardrooms, in clubs, in charity organizations or at the executive level of trade and business associations. The elite world is a complex web of small groupings linked by familiarity and frequently kinship. And the boards of the dominant corporations, adds Porter, "are themselves woven by the interlocking directorship into a fabric not unlike the web of kinship and lineage that provides cohesion to primitive life."

There is ample evidence to support Porter's thesis that this economic elite, considered as a corporate band of blood brothers, collectively exercises enormous power. This is partly because the political elite, which should provide a counterbalance, is comparatively weak in Canada. Governments may be able to lay down broad outlines of development policy, but it is the corporate world that usually decides the priorities of how much is going to be invested where. What is less clear is how much power an *individual* member of the elite has in modern Canadian society. What does the very rich man's money buy him?

The main things it buys, of course, are security, comfort, a measure of deference and the privilege of living cheek-by-jowl to a lot of other money. Raze Vancouver's Shaughnessy Heights, Toronto's Forest Hill and Rosedale and Montreal's Westmount and you would leave a large proportion of Canada's economic elite without a roof over their heads. For instance, the winding roads of Shaughnessy form an Establishment nucleus of 100 top people—from J. V. Clyne, chairman of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., on down. The area has its own private burglar prevention service and the

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But beyond the pleasures of economic propinquity, the rich man's individual power seems to be somewhat fettered. Democracy, which is a dubious concept at the corporate political level, manages to operate fairly effectively when it comes to equal rights for individual citizens. In the area of justice, by all accounts, the suspicion that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor has little ground in fact. Undoubtedly, the elite tend to look after their own. It's not unheard of for a judge, himself a fraternity alumnus, to quietly dismiss charges brought for some fraternity prank. And the influence of kith and economic kin can make itself felt in more important cases. Moreover, the rich can afford more expensive — although not necessarily better — lawyers, can more easily pay for divorces and, probably, through their educational advantages, have a much clearer idea of what their rights are. But it is impossible to buy a judge outright — at least once he's been raised to the bench. "I don't think anybody can purchase a light sentence," says Toronto lawyer W. A. Macdonald. "If there is any hanky-panky in the justice area, it would more likely have to do with political considerations."

It is also extremely difficult, although not impossible, for a single rich man to influence a politician. Two years ago the Barbeau committee on political financing reported that 90 percent of all party funds come from institutions — corporations or trade unions. A top Liberal organizer who served on the Barbeau committee says all kinds of difficulties face a rich man who tries to buy himself a member of parliament.

"Say your wealthy man goes into a riding where there isn't a great deal of money spent — never more than $15,000. So this fellow puts up $50,000 or $100,000 — and something smells all over the lot. Actually, the first dilemma with which your man is faced is whether there's a sitting member of his party or not. MPs who are already in don't need the wealthy very much. They are doing quite nicely, thank you, and they know the rich man's proposition is a questionable if not a dangerous one. If the wealthy man wanted a new fellow he'd have to import him. Either way it's very difficult."

One widely quoted example of the problems a rich man meets when he meddles with politics is K. C. Irving's forlorn attempt to make Charlie Van Horne premier of New Brunswick. Irving, who controls just about everything except the legislature in the province, recalled Van Horne from the United States, promoted his election as leader of the provincial Tories and backed him to the financial hilt in last year's election. In spite of Irving's massed platoons of wealth and influence, incumbent Liberal Premier Louis Robichaud cantered easily to a 32-26 victory at the polls.

For similar reasons it is extremely risky for the rich man himself to go into public life. His money, naturally, is an important asset in terms of the time, energy and expenses incurred by a campaign. But unless he has the right image — the image of a Nelson Rockefeller working 16 hours a day for New York State despite all his wealth — he's lost. Considerable resentment is generated by a man who appears to be trying to buy his way into something — as millionaire publisher John Bassett discovered in 1962 when, against all predictions, he lost the fight for his home Toronto-Spadina riding by a landslide.

Perhaps fearing the sort of humiliation Bassett and others before him suffered (including Roy Thomson in 1953), few top-ranking members of the corporate world seek top-ranking political posts. The C. D. Howes and Senator McCutcheons are exceptions. Porter's research showed that only 16 percent of the political elite in Canada were from elite families. In any case, he adds, the privileges enjoyed by the very rich are not threatened by the predominantly middle-class holders of political power in this country.

The one area of public life where the rich man does get a chance to throw his individual weight around is as a patron of the arts or in organized philanthropy. Fund raising is something the rich do really well. Partly to preserve the historic alms-giving role of the wealthy and partly to prevent governments from creeping too boldly into the welfare field, the corporate elite has virtually assumed full control of charity in Canada. Each elite family usually has its own favorite charitable outlet, the control of which it jealously guards, and in every city there is an "inner circle" of leading businessmen who can make or break a campaign.

Who raises money best? The moneyed

Because it lacked the right corporate names on the letterhead, Toronto's $5,450,000 Centennial project, the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts, was foredoomed to lumber along like a civic white elephant constantly on the verge of keeling over with anthrax. On the other hand, Toronto Western Hospital's current drive to raise seven million dollars for expansion is galloping ahead healthily. The reason: the campaign has two experienced co-chairmen with the right elite connections — Bruce Matthews, chairman of the board of Excelsior Life, and Trevor Moore, vice-president of Imperial Oil. Matthews eats in the Toronto Club nearly every lunch time and when he and Moore are in town together they usually make two personal calls a day on potential contributors.

"All the money has to be solicited," says Moore, "and about 80 percent of the funds will come from companies. When we approach a company, it's after a group of businessmen have tried to assess what the company will give. During our 20- or 30-minute interview with the company's president we try to get him to ask what we are expecting from him. And if he doesn't ask, then we try to tell him tactfully that we expect so much."

Or to put it another way: when Excelsior Life and Imperial Oil walk into the office, it's not prudent for a self-respecting member of the elite to send them away empty handed.

The question remains: do we need the rich? The general feeling among economists and sociologists is that, except for the obvious social inequalities suggested by the very existence of elites, the rich don't do society much harm and sometimes even do it good. Apologists for private wealth most frequently cite the expertise in philanthropy as a valid enough reason for keeping the rich around. Says one economist: "The rich are extremely useful to the country. The amount of taxes they contribute is so tremendous and on the whole they are extremely conscientious citizens. These people often do things with their own funds that they feel are worthwhile. And because they have such broad experience they are generally right."

An associate of E. P. Taylor once used similar arguments to justify the beer tycoon's social existence. "Taylor has created more jobs for Canadians than anyone outside the government; he has kept in Canadian hands firms that otherwise might have been unable to resist foreign bids for control; and Taylor personally has put in more time fund raising for hospitals, universities, charities, service organizations, cultural projects than anyone else in sight."

Kenneth Carter, who headed the 1966 Royal Commission on Taxation, is also in favor of leaving the rich alone. "People who earn large incomes are generally making a pretty useful contribution to the nation," he says. "Certainly there's not much doubt that people who head successful promotional activities are mobilizing capital and taking substantial risks themselves. Inherited wealth helps expand existing businesses or open new ones. And I think we should all aspire to save money. Thrift is a useful quality."

One of the main proposals in the Carter report would be to reduce income tax by an average of 8.5 percent for those earning less than $10,000 and increase it by an average of 14 percent for those earning more than $100,000. But Carter and most other modern economists, including left-wingers, reject the idea of imposing a limit on income by prohibitive taxation. Under Carter's proposals, people earning more than $100,000 would still be turning over only 47.3 percent of their income to the government in direct taxes. Currently they are taxed at 35.3 percent. The reasoning is that prohibitive taxes (a) destroy incentive and (b) seldom work anyway.

"All efforts to out-tax the rich everywhere have tended to fail," says Phil Porter. "All taxing systems have got enough loopholes that ways can be

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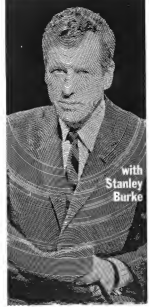

found around them. We should close those loopholes and certainly tax the rich more than we now do in Canada. I would also be in favor of much heavier death duties and estate duties than we have at present. Inheritance strikes me as one of the basic sources of inequality.

"But I don't think you can introduce a taxing system on incomes that is *too* punitive. Money incentives are extremely important in modern life and industrial societies have to have some form of differential rewards to keep the system operating. The basic question is whether some activities are over rewarded. How much should top executives be paid for doing what they do in the upper echelons of the corporate world? Unless you are prepared to establish economic controls, which might create worse features than we now have, you must accept the market system. An executive gets what the market will pay him — and there's a market for top executives."

Eventually, however, the successful executive is bid up into an income level where money is no longer the chief incentive. He has, like Osler, more than enough to satisfy his life-style. Who really needs two retreats in the Bahamas or three swimming pools? Yet he still goes on making money. Sociologists who have studied this phenomenon suggest that artistic and creative motivations come into play with the very rich. They indulge in corporate empire-building simply to express themselves. E. P. Taylor has explained: "I do something that is constructive. There are people who like to paint or garden. I like to create things."

Do such motivations mean that the economic elite will grow steadily more powerful? Not necessarily. Porter hopes for a revolution in Canadian society that would send shudders through Shaughnessy and cause whimpering in Westmount. He doesn't want to destroy the corporate elite as such, but he does want to drastically change its membership. He would disinherit the old rich, break up their established network of privilege and influence and recruit a true *nouveau riche* by drawing on the largely wasted talents of the middle and working classes. The instrument for such a revolution would be a reformed educational system that gave everybody fully equal opportunities right through to university graduate level.

"I think it is very foolish to downgrade the value of money," argues Porter. "I would never want to say poverty is blessed. There's been far too much of that. As long as that holds as a value it stands as a great impediment to people who are re-educating themselves in order to have better jobs. Money is important. The more you have, the more independent you are, the wider range of interests you can pursue and the easier it is to protect your family from the hazards of life. Money can provide a great variety of things — all of which are, in a way, freedoms."

Perhaps that is the essence of what makes men like Gordon P. Osler different from the rest of us. Despite any number of Bills of Rights, despite all the democratic institutions we cherish, Osler is by accident of birth a freer man. ★

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LIFE IN TOYLAND *continued from page 15*

First came the whiz kids, then a plan, then booming success

evolution. Whatever it was, the result was that Ross Jenkins, a managerial genius and longtime employee, managed to secure a mandate to reorganize the company. As executive vice-president Jenkins brought in two more whiz kids from the Vancouver store, Dave Kinnear and Tony Peskett, and frantically began dismantling the hierarchies that had accumulated over the years throughout the empire. The process was not unlike the de-Stalinization of Czechoslovakia.

"What they did," says Ross Johnson, a bright young man who was hired during this period and later moved on to the vice-presidency of General Steel Wares, "was to get themselves a corporate philosophy. They'd never sat down and figured out where they wanted to go."

Into the suburbs with flair

Where Eaton's decided to go was to a position of dominance in Canada's big cities — especially in the suburbs. They closed or sold off about 25 stores in smaller cities. On the theory that it's cheaper to move paper than it is to move goods, they built immense warehouses in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg, to service both downtown and suburban outlets. They also made up for lost time by jumping into the suburbs with unaccustomed flair. Toronto's Yorkdale Centre development is one of the world's biggest covered shopping malls and it was Eaton's that worked with William Zeckendorf to make it one of North America's greatest merchandising showplaces. Other suburban stores built during this period — Montreal's Pointe Claire, Brentwood and Park Royal in the Vancouver area, Shoppers' World and Don Mills in Toronto — also turned out to be almost embarrassingly successful. It may not have been the biggest expansion in Eaton's history but it was the first that looked as though it had been *orchestrated*. The building program cost plenty but there's no question that it has paid off. "If Eaton's hadn't done *something* back in 1960," says one executive, "we could have been in real trouble today."

External expansion was accompanied by an internal shakeup. At least 2,000 supervisory and management people had their jobs changed or their roles redefined and — in hundreds of cases — their salaries altered, not always upward. Dozens of gold-watch men found themselves eased into early retirement.

The company was split into four administrative divisions and the buying and selling functions were separated in each. The store also managed to upgrade its fashion image by a variety of imaginative promotions and by advertising that is widely regarded as being among the hippest in the industry.

One aspect of the modernization, however, was especially painful. When management decided early in the 1960s to install computers, they abandoned their customary caution and introduced computerized billing in their Toronto stores without adequate preparation of their staff or their 750,000 customers. They also chose a system of "descriptive billing," which meant that customers, instead of receiving a copy of their sales slips with their monthly statements, got only a statement describing their purchases under 600-odd vaguely worded headings. The results were absolutely ghastly. Since the staff wasn't trained to cope with the new methods, billing fell months behind. And when customers finally did receive their statements, the descriptive billing codes made thousands suspect that they were being billed for merchandise they never bought (foundation garments, for instance, were listed under "building materials"). Within a matter of months, the company found itself facing a serious PR crisis, plus a deluge of complaints from thousands of dissatisfied customers. They had to hire several hundred extra people just to deal with complaints. Before all the problems were settled the Great Computer Crisis cost Eaton's at least one million dollars. John David still shudders when he thinks of it. "You should have seen my desk when that thing got going," he told

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me "It looked like the whole roof was going to fall in Everybody was mad at us, and I don't blame them. Don't talk about it"

Eaton's has also burned its fingers, with remarkable consistency, in its ventures into downtown redevelopment In Hamilton they've been criticized for not proceeding with development plans although John David says they've postponed expansions at the request of city council In Montreal last March they managed to attract a lot of the blame for the collapse of the Mace Development project although Eaton's in this case was only a junior partner and actually went beyond its contractual obligations in advancing money to the developers when they experienced difficulty raising outside financing.

Vancouver hasn't been a public relations triumph either In October 1948 shortly before he bought Vancouver's Spencer department store chain John David flew in aboard the company DC-3 with some grandiose plans He'd bought the old Hotel Vancouver at the city's main intersection and planned to tear it down to build what the Vancouver *News Herald* called "a palatial marketing palace" Construction was to begin within a month As every Vancouverite knows the newspaper that reported John David's architectural vision has been defunct for more than a decade And the site of the beautiful old hotel he razed is still a parking lot, nearly 20 years later Eaton's hopes to start building its new store this year as part of the $75-million Block 42 development it is undertaking in partnership with Cemp Investments and the Toronto-Dominion Bank but must await the results of a May plebiscite before going ahead There were plenty of sound reasons for inaction — the acquisition of Spencer's made a new store unnecessary they needed more land, local politicians were inconsistent. Nevertheless, it's going to take a long time to erase the impression widely held in Vancouver that Eaton's was a major contributor to the stagnation of the downtown core of our third largest city by talking big in 1948 and then doing nothing for 20 years

But Toronto was the worst embarrassment of all Eaton's badly needed to replace its dark satanic Queen Street store and in 1965 announced a proposal to transform 23 acres around the Queen Street site into a $300-million complex that would include the new store office towers (the first one to be 50-stories high) a hotel a trade centre a bus terminal and an underground shopping plaza on the scale of Place Ville Marie's.

John David may have expected to have been hailed as a civic savior to everyone's astonishment, he turned up at the initial press conference grinned into the cameras, joshed with reporters and beamed when Mayor Philip Givens called the Eaton plan "the deal of the century" But the plan's eventual reception must have been a rude disillusionment Local antiquarians vilified the plan as a sellout since it envisioned tearing down Toronto's grotesque old city hall Suspicious local politicians led by Givens successor William Dennison insisted on performance guarantees and on changes in the plan that reduced its profitability After 20 months of public bickering Eaton's stunned the city by withdrawing its offer thus depriving the city of an estimated $14 million annual tax revenue They'd spent two million dollars in planning Eaton's told the city, and they were willing to co-operate in any development scheme the city decided to adopt But from now on, they made clear, Eaton's would stick to merchandising and let others take the initiatives in downtown redevelopment Currently, they're working on another proposal for the 23-acre site — but this time a developer is heading the project and Eaton's role will be as a tenant only

Despite the de-Stalinization of the 1960s, the family aura still clings Within the past few months — and this is a scoop, ladies and gentlemen — Eaton's has quietly phased out the 99 year old custom of closing the display window curtains on Sunday Being Eaton's, though they didn't announce the change They simply did it on preselected Sundays in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal and hoped that no one would complain No one did

After 99 years of purity, smoke

The famous Eaton aversion to smoking still survives, however Although John David and both his sons are smokers, they still refuse to sell tobacco (Management recently vetoed the latest proposal to scrap this policy, on the grounds that smoking is dangerous and besides, the profits would have been pretty marginal) And although word is getting around that after 99 years of purity executives are now permitted to smoke in their offices if fire regulations permit very few have exercised the option When I lit up in one $40,000-a year executive's office he whispered "Would you mind if I asked you not to do that?"

The company's senior personnel roster still resembles the guest list at an Irish wedding John David's distant cousin Alan Y Eaton, is in charge of marketing His brother Jack Eaton runs the Montreal store *His* son is a group sales manager in Toronto J D's brother-in-law, Frank McEachren runs the PR department J D's two eldest sons, Fred and John both of whom are being groomed to take over the company work in the head office John (whose brother-in-law also works at Eaton's) is assistant to G D Witherspoon, who used to be J D's family lawyer Tom McFetridge one of four group merchandise managers, has four relatives who have never worked anywhere but Eaton's at one stage he had eight relatives on the payroll The connection is that over a century ago, before Timothy emigrated from the ancestral farm in County Antrim, the McFetridges had a farm next door Eaton's Irish mafia, in fact, is still encountered everywhere Execu-

continued on page 62

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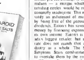

For John and Fred: winner take all?

tive Vice-President Dave Kinnear, a 40-year man with similar Ulster connections, has one brother working in the Vancouver store, another in the Toronto furniture warehouse and still another who pilots the company jet. "Eaton's doesn't believe in nepotism," one executive assured me.

The old-timers, incredibly, still refer to each other as "Eatonians" and treasure the gold Rolexes that John David hands out to 25-year employees. The watches have ¼ CENTURY CLUB embossed on their faces instead of numbers and at this writing there are about 4,000 employees entitled to wear them. "When you work for Eaton's," says one 40-year man, "it means something. You feel that you're part of the family."

It would be easy to make fun of the gold-watch brigade and their forelock-tugging sentiment. Implausible as it may sound, there are not hundreds but *thousands* of old-timers working at Eaton's who are motivated not so much by ambition as by loyalty and — I am being perfectly serious — by a kind of love.

If you happen to own a department store, the trick is to make this loyalty work *for* your company, not against it. By the rigorous test of profitability Eaton's hasn't yet succeeded. Although their profits, sales volume and operating costs are official secrets, a canny analysis of DBS figures indicates that the company grosses at least $750 million annually. Bay Street assumes that the firm operates on smaller-than-average profit margins — probably in the neighborhood of three percent or even less — which means annual pre-tax earnings of around $25 million — a margin which in U.S. retailing circles would be regarded as criminally inadequate. This isn't necessarily an indictment of management: by being free of the pressure to pay dividends, Eaton's has saved a lot of money by financing expansion out of its own income. Eaton's is still Canada's biggest retailer but its growth rate does not match that of the industry as a whole. The Simpson's-Simpsons Sears combination expects to overtake them by the early 1970s.

What it all means is that, despite the recent de-Stalinization, Eaton's is still very much a family firm. And its corporate strengths and weaknesses are still traceable to the lonely, loyal man who sits in the big corner office on the seventh floor. He is still the man who *owns Eaton's*, a fact of almost mystical significance.

When he turns up at the monthly board meetings, his fellow directors stand up in deference to their chairman. When he sits in the big green chair at the centre of the long boardroom table, the stern faces of his predecessors — Timothy, Sir John and R. Y. Eaton — gaze down upon him from oil portraits ranged around the paneled walls. When he speaks, a secretary scribbles notes. And when he disagrees with a decision that has been approved by the three-man executive committee and is favored by a majority of the board, he asks that his dissenting vote be recorded.

That doesn't happen very often. John David seldom disagrees with proposals that have achieved a consensus lower down. And in policy areas involving company traditions or the welfare of his employees, his executives operate gingerly, for his views are well known. Some years ago, when John David was in the habit of approving the agenda of upcoming meetings of the executive committee, the document used to be delivered to his office by a faithful old secretary who would chortle ominously, "Ah-ha! He's not going to like *this* one!" A few years ago, when it was proposed, after months of research and consultation, to redesign the delivery drivers' uniforms, J. D.'s reaction was terse: "Leave the goddam uniforms alone." He'd worked on the trucks 40 years ago, you see, and felt he *knew* the problem at firsthand. (But note this: the drivers eventually got their new uniforms.)

John David has four sons. Thor works for Dominion Securities and George isn't interested in working for Eaton's. That leaves the two elder sons, John and Fred, as the heirs apparent.

"Friendly – but kind of deadly"

Although John Craig Eaton has just turned 31 and Fredrik S. Eaton is 30 this month, they're still referred to around head office as "the boys." They are rich man's sons of the most attractive sort — handsome, soft-spoken, unobtrusively well mannered, quietly assured and quietly confident of the fact that being born an Eaton is nothing to be ashamed of. They would not be out of place as constitutional monarchs of some clean little country like Denmark or Holland, and if either of them chose to drop out (like their 22-year-old brother George, who's taken up motor racing, or their uncle Timothy, who's devoted his life to building model railroads) they could retire tomorrow with five million dollars or so as an initial nest egg, and plenty more if it were needed. Yet both John and Fred, who slept in the same bedroom as boys, who chummed around together at Upper Canada College, whose summer cottages are on adjacent islands in Georgian Bay, who both play Sunday morning hockey in Maple Leaf Gardens (which they partially own), who share most of the same friends and who are probably as close as two brothers can be — both of them are locked in a gentlemanly contest for control of a corporate empire that is probably worth $400 million. And they believe only one of them can win. "It's a friendly contest," says John, "but it's kind of deadly. You know — winner takes all. I guess it's something I've grown up with all my life."

John is the extrovert. His hockey is industrial league calibre; he left Harvard after two years because his interests weren't academic; he owns a red Ferrari (as well as a Buick station wagon and a Mark X Jag for his beautiful wife Kitty); he lives in a Rosedale mansion with its own coach house and two servants. He gets sent to the City of London to meet City bankers; he is less cautious and more quotable.

Fred is the intellectual — he has acquaintances like Gordon Lightfoot and is the only Eaton in the direct line from Timothy who's ever got a college degree. He once considered a career in journalism, but a summer at the Toronto *Telegram* (which he, his three brothers and publisher John Bassett's three sons own in trust) convinced him he'd better stick to retailing. Of the two, Fred is probably the more conscious of being an Eaton. He went to the University of New Brunswick and says of it: "There are no Eatons down there. People would ask if I was related to Cyrus Eaton, and when I said no, that was the end of it." He hangs Op paintings in his office, serves on a committee that is attempting to bail out *artscanada* magazine, and lives quietly with his wife Nicky and two children in Toronto's Forest Hill district, a block away from his father's angular Bauhaus mansion on Dunvegan Road.

Both boys have served the apprenticeship that is traditional for Eaton heirs — a series of increasingly important jobs, none of them lasting much more than a year. Fred has pushed handtrucks in the stockroom, sold men's shirts and baby's wear, been an executive trainee in the Victoria store, managed two stores and a warehouse in Toronto, and spent nine happy months based in London, directing the company's European buying offices and meeting suppliers. John made the same European junket — he calls it "really a sort of Grand Tour" — and although he's never managed a store, he spent a year as company personnel manager at a time when personnel policy was one of the company's most crucial concerns. Neither feels he's yet been given a job that has allowed their bosses to cleanly compare one son's performance against the other's. "They've both done a lot of jobs, but they still need to be tested," says one executive.

Choosing his successor is probably the biggest decision John David will be called upon to make in the next few years. He reaches retirement age in 1975 — as do Dave Kinnear and G. D. Wotherspoon — and that is generally conceded to be the year when another generation will take over Eaton's. Each son is willing to work under the other if he misses the top job and neither has made plans for spending the rest of his life outside the company. "I've never really thought about what else I'd do," says John. "I was born a merchant."

The decision won't be John David's alone. There is also a five-member board of trustees that will help make the choice. Its members are Jenkins (now retired), Wotherspoon, another retired executive named Bill Park, Don McGiverin from the Winnipeg store, and John David's wife Signy, who will presumably have a lot to say when the choice is made.

It's still possible, however, that both sons could be winners, for John David doesn't rule out the possibility of a partnership. "Some people will tell you that a partnership never works," he said, "but Smith Brothers sold a hell of a lot of cough drops."

John David's other big decision could be made within a few years or never: the decision to sell shares to the public. Rumors that this move is imminent seem to crop up on Bay Street every few months or so. Certainly Eaton's is under increasing pressure. In addition to the 52 percent corporation tax that all big businesses must pay, Eaton's has to pay gift tax in annual installments to ensure the orderly transfer of the company from one generation to the next. And although the company has managed to borrow more than $200 million on the strength of its good name alone, without disclosing much of its financial operations, the Ontario Securities Commission is understood to be getting impatient with this procedure.

But as Eaton's is now organized, it's doubtful that he'll make either decision completely on his own. It's still his company on paper, but now he must share effective control with the men he's hired to run it. And so John David Eaton today spends an increasing share of his time on the things he likes best: philanthropy (he's one of the major benefactors of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children), his house in Antigua, his yacht and — a recent passion — his Hughes two-seater helicopter.

He's always been interested in aviation. During the war he helped found the Wartime Technical and Scientific Development Board, a privately financed research group that developed improved radar systems, retractable skis for Spitfires and a variety of other innovations. He took flying lessons as early as 1933, but an old eye injury deterred him from applying for a private pilot's license. But two years ago he decided to learn to fly a helicopter. He flew to California and bought it and, with a Hughes pilot at the controls, spent 10 winter days in 1966 flying it back to Toronto. After 100 hours of training he got his license last summer — an impressive achievement for a man of his age — and now uses it to hop up to his island in Georgian Bay or to the family estate in King, Ont.

"The joyful thing about a helicopter," he said, "is that you don't have to go up very high. You're like a bird. You can fly in all kinds of weather."

There's something symbolic about the thought of this timid, withdrawn man, who's always been insulated by his wealth from some of life's ordinary pursuits, skimming above the earth in his mechanical glass bubble, able to observe what's going on below him, but separated from his fellows by 500 feet of air. At the end of our interview he told me how, on a recent flight, he'd noticed some boys playing baseball in a field. He hovered above them and waved. The boys stopped their game and waved back. And then John David Eaton flew onward and the boys resumed their game. "I guess I like helicopters," he said, "because I like to see what's on the other side of the hill." ★

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Who hates Canada? Not all Germans

Re *Why Germans Find It Easy To Hate Us* [Reports]. As a rule I am not willing to let myself be dragged into an argument with Peter Lust whenever he gets one of his nagging spells. If, however, a distinguished magazine deems fit to publish his weird noises I feel forced to react. Neglecting all informative constructive and well-meaning articles in leading German papers but using instead the highly questionable method of selecting prejudiced criticisms mainly by extremist voices, Lust may "prove," as well that there is not only a "Hate-Canada," but also a "Hate Andorra" or a "Hate Your Garbage Collector" campaign going on in Germany.
ROLF LORN INFORMATION OFFICER, GERMAN CONSULATE GENERAL, TORONTO

* What do the kindhearted Germans suggest we use to kill our seals — gas chambers?
HARRY A. MOFFAT NANAIMO BC

* There is no "hate-Canada" sentiment in West Germany. I believe that in this day and age it should be our common effort to create a better understanding between nations rather than to keep up the division between them.
HENRY WEISBACH TORONTO

* I am a young German presently living in the United States. I always liked Canada and since my visit there last year I feel even more for Canada. Peter Lust has proved that it is possible to give any impression if you just dig long enough in the wrong sources. Having lived in Germany all my life I have never noticed any anti-Canadian feeling.
WOLFGANG OHNSEI LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

* The impertinent charge that Germans hate Canadians is utterly preposterous and obviously a deliberate attempt to sow hate where there is none. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have visited the Federal Republic of Germany including West Berlin over the past 15 years most surely have learned that they are heartily welcome and held in the highest regard in my country.
HELMUT BENECKE DIRECTOR FOR CANADA GERMAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, MONTREAL

* Peter Lust has a way of generating anti-German sentiments even at the expense of truth if need be. He can even quote sources stooping to literary pornography to substantiate his claims. I lived in Germany for six years, 1955-61, during which time I taught and studied there. I have rarely if ever met any anti-Canadian feeling and can honestly say that I could find 100 sources of anti-German sentiment in Canada for every one that is anti-Canadian in Germany. And I would not even have to rummage around in the garbage-can.
J. THIESSEN UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG

Peter Lust replies: It is true that some of the papers I quoted have a limited circulation, but they are important because they are party papers of the neo-Nazi party (Deutsche Nachrichten and Deutsches Wochenblatt), *or they are the organs of tightly knit pressure groups* (Sudetendeutsche). *On the other hand* Der Spiegel *and* Der Stern, *which dug up the Beck-Dorfer case, are mass-circulation papers. My article described West German newspaper articles critical of Canada. To keep the record straight, there are many influential West German papers that did not print material critical of Canada."*

Good guy & bad guys

May I congratulate your Photography Director Horst Ehricht on his particularly fine photos in your article on Edmonton (*Montreal? Wrong. Its Edmonton*). Ehricht not only has a sure eye for color but his sense of balance, contrast and composition are superb. Analyzing his photos is like taking a course in photography all over again. Your liberal use of Ehricht's efforts illustrates

continued on page 66

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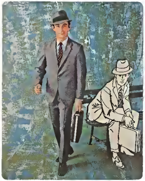

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Little Lin San and children like her need your love. So won't you help? Today? Thank you.

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C'mon, fellas, give back the Klondike

your grasp of what lifts a magazine into the realms of excellence. Few U.S. magazines approach Maclean's in quality of photography and none of them is as consistently outstanding.
P. H. C. WATSON, EUGENE, OREGON

✻ Edmonton's new promotional image based on the Yukon's Klondike heritage is a tragic story of misdirected civic enthusiasm that has no equal in Canadian affairs. Edmonton's promoters have stolen the Yukon's precious Klondike historical resources. The Yukon's colorful Klondike history, with all its romance, names, characters and themes, belongs to the people of the Yukon. But the Yukon can no longer use the words "Klondike Days," for they have been copyrighted by the Edmonton promoters. They now bill their city as "The Land of the Klondike" despite the fact that Edmonton is closer to Lake Superior than it is to Dawson City. With limited resources, the Yukon has fought back. With the full support of the Yukon government, the Yukon Klondike Defence Force mailed out over 400 thousand letters to the citizens of Edmonton stating in clear terms what their city's promoters are doing to the Yukon's budding tourist industry. To Edmonton's everlasting credit, hundreds of its citizens rallied to the Yukon's cause, but there were not enough fair-minded Edmontonians to stop Mayor Dantzer and his platoon of promoters. — D. LAMONT, PRESIDENT, YUKON'S KLONDIKE DEFENCE FORCE, WHITEHORSE

Unbiased partisanship

Many thanks and appreciative chuckles to Blair Fraser (*The Sudden Rise of Pierre Elliott Trudeau*) for his masterpiece of unbiased partisanship and an article that is, even for the non-Trudeau-ites, thoroughly enjoyable reading.
CAROL PARADIS, QUEBEC CITY

Answer for dinosaurs

Your Editorial, *How February's Crisis Strengthened the House*, is a complete refutation of the claims of partisan dinosaurs who still think that whenever a minority government is defeated it should resign or call an election. In an era of many parties, this would make a mockery of democracy. A temporary alliance of hostile elements cannot provide stable government. Parliament today must be flexible in order to be functional. By calling for a specific stand the Pearson regime asserted the supremacy of parliament over a partisan romp.
F. A. LEWIS, HALIFAX

Whodunit: no mystery

In his book *My Silent War*, an extract from which appeared in Maclean's (*Kim Philby's Silent War With The West*) Philby insinuates that the "mysterious" murder of the Ukrainian freedom fighter Stepan Bandera at Munich in 1959 was perpetrated by the American CIA. The mysterious facts were somewhat different, as became evident during the trial of the murderer in 1962. Bandera's assassin was Bogdan Stashynskij, a Soviet citizen, and his murder weapon a hydrocyanic acid spray pistol. The same murderer had used the same weapon to kill the Ukrainian poet Lev Rebet at Munich in 1957. Stashynskij was convicted of both murders by the Supreme Court of Germany in 1962. The organization responsible for hiring the assassin of those two Ukrainian patriots was the same one which engineered the murders of Simon Petlyura at Paris in 1926, Evgen Konovalets at Rotterdam in 1938 and Trotsky at Mexico City in 1940. Tovarisch Philby knows its name well. He still works for it!
(NAME WITHHELD) OTTAWA

✻ We feel that a traitor should not be accorded such coverage in a national magazine. Let us not make a hero out of him. To describe him as "a magnificent spy" almost makes him appear as an exciting character — possibly someone to be admired and imitated by today's youth. — C. HEARD, A. COTÉ, P. DANIEL, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON

All furs = cruelty

In a picture cutline accompanying your article on the seal hunt (*Our 5,000 Human Victims of the War of the Seals"* Reports) you say that "even" lynx pelts have been subject to the disapproval of humanitarians in the current campaign against cruelty in obtaining fur. I should like to point out that the taking of furs such as lynx is probably attended with more suffering than the seal hunt. The animal is caught by a paw, which is often broken in the process, and must endure pain, fright and thirst until the trapper arrives (often days later) to end its misery. Alternatively, it may chew off the paw and escape in a maimed condition. So far, no humane trap which kills wild animals such as lynx has been devised.
MISS E. J. STEVENSON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, CANADIAN ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANE TRAPPING, TORONTO

✻ There are in fact few furs that are not obtained through barbarous cruelty. Your whitewash won't do.
MRS. DAVID SPRING, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Kidder was here

Re *The Great Canadian Film Saga* (*Take 144*). In view of the fact that every other production that actress Margo Kidder has been associated with recently, including TV commercials, seems to have been mentioned, I take it amiss that her participation in a lead role in the only existing regional drama series—CBC Montreal's *Teleplay*—was not even mentioned, the more so in view of the fact that the current series comprises exclusively Canadian plays.
MICHAEL SINELNIKOFF, SENIOR PRODUCER, CBC MONTREAL

Pearson: remarkable record?

To your listing in *The Remarkable Record Of A "Do-Nothing" PM* (Editorial) I would add the following accomplishments. A flag that looks like a beer-can label. Presentation of a budget that had to be withdrawn and completely revised because it was so poor. An inadequate increase in old-age pensions for everyone, instead of giving more to those who need it. Insistence on introducing universal medicare over the objections of the provinces. Setting a precedent for inflationary wage settlements by interfering in the bargaining processes or by giving in to blackmail in the form of illegal strikes by public servants. In the face of rapidly rising prices, continuing to expand government spending and deficits thus increasing inflation (almost 10 per

continued on page 68

What do the servants talk about when their master's gone to bed?

Computers are our servants. They are versatile adaptable storage bins of information—and also librarians, translators, calculators machine operators, traffic managers and teachers ☐ Their influence on your life is tremendous. Yet they need not be frightening monsters. Not when you understand how they do it and all that they can do for you—the master ☐ In a world of electronic marvels, you need people to report and interpret the changes going on around you. People who can explain how new ideas and startling events will lead to a better future. Maclean Hunter is made up of people like that: communications experts, people intimately involved in publishing, broadcasting and marketing. It's their business to keep you informed and aware.

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Pearson, Mao, Aesop, Green Hornet and zap! you're dead

cent in two years!) Calling a leadership convention in the middle of a session of parliament. Allowing the government to be defeated through sheer stupidity and carelessness. For all this we should be grateful to him?
E. BRIAN MARKLAND, MONTREAL

* In speaking of those who loved the Red Ensign, you ask, "Where are they now?" I will tell you where we are — In British Columbia, on the Prairies, in Ontario and in the Maritime provinces, eagerly awaiting the election.
B. A. YOUNG, OTTY BROOK, NS

* The Pearson legislation you mention is hardly worth the paper value of Hansard in which the debates are recorded. Pearson has been called a do-nothing prime minister because he failed to face the important national problems: conservation of our water and mineral resources, pollution control, saving our best farm land from encroachment by cities already too large, reduction of government spending, reduction of the freight rates which strangle our economy, promotion of secondary industries to create employment for our young people. In fact, he did little to save Canada for Canadians.—G. YARRICK, WESTLOCK, ALTA

No UN seat for Mao

Escott Reid's *Argument* advocating Canada an initiative to seat Mao Tse-tung in the United Nations is unworthy of his reputation as a distinguished diplomat and educator. He is proposing the humiliation and burial of those doughty Nationalist Chinese who believe in democracy and freedom. UN membership and Canadian recognition [of the Chinese Communists] could by no means promote understanding. The free world does not know much about Peking because Mao Tse-tung does not want it to know. One of the most worn-out excuses for accommodating the Chinese Communists is: "Gee! We shouldn't ignore the 700-million Chinese!" As if the 700 million Chinese are masters of themselves! Where were these pious humanitarians 18 years ago when the selfsame 700 million were losing their freedom? Have these 700 million ever had an opportunity to choose from between the Maoists and revisionists? The world has yet to hear from the 700 million Chinese. And the Nationalist government on Taiwan does offer the alternative. Reid has been sacrificing bigness with greatness.—CHU YENG-CHING, SCHOOL OF HYGIENE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Aesop had a fable for it

Congratulations on your revealing article on Lloyd Percival's case against the AAU (*The Trials of Lloyd Percival*). I find the moral from one of Aesop's Fables particularly applicable: "'Tis not a straw matter whether the main cause be right or wrong, or the charge true or false, where the bench, jury and witnesses are in a conspiracy against the prisoner."
J. PEMBROKE HATFIELD, MONTREAL

Anon identified

Ian Anddy begins his article *Afraid Of Bad Breath? Why Be Only 99% Safe?* (Reviews) with two lines he attributes to "Anon": "Why reeks the goat on yonder hill — /Doth he not dain on chlorophyll?" These lines appeared many years ago over Richard Armour's name but in the following form: "Why reeks the goat on yonder hill/Who daily feeds on chlorophyll?"—P. G. HOWARD, HAY RIVER, NWT

Pow! Justice shall prevail

In *The Vicious New Order of (Pow!) Kiddie Cartoons* (Reviews) Douglas Marshall voices the opinion that present-day cartoons are something horrible. I disagree. Don't forget that a child does not realize when he sees someone powed, zapped or phooied that he really dies in all the agonies an adult sees. Children belong to that pleasant state of things in which no one really dies — they just disappear for a time. Then let us consider the heroes of an earlier era — those of the radio serials. Were the *Green Hornet* or *Inner Sanctum* and the others any different? No, they were the same. Did they do any of us harm? No, I don't think so. But they did something for me: they brought out a sense of justice and right that must be defended. To my mind the danger of influencing children comes not from these camp cartoons but from other sources. Remember, in TV programs right and justice prevail. But how about in real life? Perhaps we're trying to sweep away impurities in the wrong area.
R. JAMES KING, GLENCOE, ONT ★

Where does Belmont soft smoke come from?
The charcoal filter.
Belmont
Smo
Sof
Canada's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

When the smoke passes through Belmont's special adsorbent moisturized charcoal filter, it delivers what you've been looking for. The smoothest smoke around.
Yet it's much more than that, so we call it soft smoke.

MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

As the brochure says, "Expo is dead . . . Long live Man and His World"

YOU WON'T SEE all those comings and goings of kings, queens, De Gaulles and princes, and there won't be the same excuse for the chauvinistic breast-beating we all indulged in as Canadian birthday celebrants last year. But the important question is whether Expo has really made a comeback, and the answer, in a word, is yes.

It has a new name of course — Man and His World, alias Terre des Hommes (its somewhat sarcastic nickname, Son of Expo, is deservedly fading). And it's not Canada's show anymore, but Montreal's — which is to say Jean Drapeau's. Some time this spring Mayor Drapeau quietly revised his prediction for the season's attendance, reducing it from 30 million admissions to 20 million (Expo drew 50 million), but don't be surprised if he less quietly revises it upward again. The show looks that good. Or at least it did when I managed a sneak preview a few days before the opening.

The big fair has the same alluring site, plus all but three of Expo's 100 pavilions (the Russians, the Czechs and Yugoslavs took theirs down), and exhibits (some old, some new) from an astonishing 45 nations (Expo had 61). And if you make allowances for the loss of Expo 67's exciting "first time" magic, you'll find this year's fair just as good, and in some respects even better.

Certainly it should cost you less and cause you fewer hangups. Quebec's eight-percent sales tax doesn't hurt any less than it did last year, but some prices at the fair are lower. A youth's season ticket, for instance, is $15 compared to $17.50 last year; the top price for an amusement ride at La Ronde is 50 cents (one dollar last year) and some children's rides are only 20 cents. Hotel rates are never low in Montreal, but there's less incentive for gouging and the provincial government is watching to see that hotelkeepers don't exceed their posted rates. Perhaps more important, there's little chance of anyone taking deposits on non-existent rooms, and no fly-by-nighters have built any of those cardboard-walled motels. In short, there'll be no scandal over Logexpo because there *is* no Logexpo: you book accommodation as you would in any other city.

On the site there are bound to be some lineups, but they'll probably be shorter than last year. And most of the 1967 conveniences are still there. You can ride free, as before, on the Express or climb aboard a Minirail for a quarter. You won't see quite the international array of fetching hostesses as last year, but 800 multilingual girls are there as guides, in smart new uniforms.

HERE'S WHAT'S BACK

☐ Exhibits in four of the five theme pavilions have been either restored or improved. Exhibits from the Cité du Havre location (Man in the Community, Man and His Health) have been moved to Ile Notre Dame.

☐ Among countries back in the show: Austria, Burma, Ceylon, China, France, Germany, India, Mexico, the Netherlands, Trinidad and Tobago — though not all with last year's exhibits.

☐ A dozen or more of the choicest specialty attractions are back, many with nothing but their names changed because last year's sponsors are out. Among them: Canadian National's Time and Motion, Cominco's study of the five senses; Indians of Canada, the Christian Pavilion, the Telephone Pavilion's audience-encircling travelogue film, Air Canada's impressionism study of flight, Kaleidoscope with its trick mirrors and colored images.

☐ Exotic food and drink. The fair has 28 foreign restaurants (the same number as last year), a pleasant assortment of snackeries and bars, including the Bulldog with its English beer in La Ronde, plus a new city-operated chain of moderate-price snack bars which Drapeau hopes will help hold down *all* dining prices on the islands.

(As this was written, Labyrinth, the National Film Board's widely praised maze-and-film experience, remained a question mark. It is no longer a part of the fair, and if it did open it would likely be charging admission.)

HERE'S WHAT'S MISSING

☐ The entire Czech Pavilion and its contents are gone — the biggest single loss from last year. (Joey Smallwood bought the building and moved it to Newfoundland.) Gone are all those art treasures, the 112-screen movie and the Kino-Automat (where the movie audiences pushed buttons to dictate the plot).

☐ Ontario's Oscar winning film, *A Place to Stand*.

☐ Several of Expo's best and most popular national exhibits, notably the U.S. and British.

HERE'S WHAT'S NEW

☐ The U.S. geodesic dome — Expo's most famous single structure — remains but is no longer crammed with movie stars' pictures and astronauts' gear. Instead it houses a less informative but serenely pleasant park-like aviary. Among its 14 wire enclosures is one that could well be the world's biggest bird cage: it's an arch-shaped, walk-through aviary 152 feet long, 57 feet wide and 44 feet (or about five stories) high. The cages contain 250 birds native to Canada.

☐ The former Ontario pavilion is almost doomed to be dubbed Man and His Frostbite. It's a multi-faceted demonstration of how Canadians, past and present, have coped with (and even enjoyed) winter. Among its attractions: displays of old-fashioned sleighs and modern snow vehicles and professional ice shows on a 17-by-20-foot artificial rink.

☐ The former British pavilion now houses two unrelated attractions, both almost certain winners: The Belles of Yesteryear, an elaborate display of antique and classic automobiles; and, in the familiar 200-foot tower (now bereft of its Union Jack), the Tower of Music offers tape-recorded concerts in stereo.

☐ A Museum of Humor — principally a gallery of cartoon art — in the former Swiss Pavilion.

☐ Two national exhibits not seen last year — from the Republic of Ireland and Poland.

☐ In various locations, displays of firearms, postage stamps, children's art, dolls dressed in costumes from around the world.

☐ In La Ronde, eight new rides, including an 1,880-foot roller coaster with a 65-foot peak, plus promised improvement (not complete at preview time) in Expo's biggest single flop, the three-million-dollar Gyrotron.

HAL TENNANT

BOOKS

By Mark Nichols

Among the new sex novels the "moral" ones are hard to take

Richler: by satirizing four-letter "realists" he has it both ways

THE BATTLE for literary freedom of expression about sex has been going on for most of this century. But judging from three books published so far this year, the fighting must be just about over. In *Couples* (Random House, $8.95) John Updike goes as far as a serious American writer of his type (he is not in any sense *avant-garde*) has in detailing the sexual habits of an American community, and the sexual act itself. Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge* (Little, Brown, $7.25) is a transvestite shaggy-dog story in which homosexual fantasies are worked out in breathtaking detail. Canadian novelist Mordecai Richler's *Cocksure* (McClelland and Stewart, $5.95) is probably, for many people, the most shocking of the three. Richler uses sex as a vehicle for wild, often outrageous and very successful humor.

The 20th century could well go down in history as the Age of Sexual Obsession. A goggle-eyed scholar of the future might conclude from *Couples* that the America of today was concerned solely with a furious but guilt-ridden sex life. Updike's beautifully over-written novel bulges with detailed, if rather lugubrious, descriptions of sex among a group of adulterous young married people in the fashionably rustic town of Tarbox, Massachusetts. *Couples* made the bestseller lists within three weeks of publication and the movie rights went as quickly. Obviously it will be one of this year's BIG books (as well as long: 458 dense pages), and though it may be banned somewhere, it is being praised for its social timeliness

What Updike has to show the reader about Tarbox, Mass., are permutations of cuckolding, wife-swapping and even wife-bartering that fairly defy tabulation and in the end become tedious. Updike speaks mournfully of the United States in the early 1960s: the people had grown soft on easy living and only "liquor and love were left." The novel's central figure, randy but religiously inclined Piet Hanema, rambles glumly through a maze of extra-marital affairs while Tarbox seethes in an orgy of infidelity. In the end, naturally, Piet's wife kicks him out, the circle of couples breaks apart and the town's church burns down to underline the point. Updike is scolding an America that has lost its frontier values and has put in their place a confused and inadequate morality. But in his careful and rather cold (though admittedly often lyric) novel Updike himself seems to exhibit the flaw of his characters: an obsessive and almost impersonal concern with sex and American sexual values without even the saving grace of humor.

Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge* is a kind of sexual Magical Mystery tour de force. Certainly a lot of it is unnerving, but there is a good humor about even the wildest homosexual fantasies. In a sense the book is just a big sexual leg-pull set in the unreal world of Hollywood, a background of Elvis Presley lampstands where people inanely whistle the "Rinso-white" soap jingle. Vidal's biggest joke, of course, is that his sexy heroine, who goes to Hollywood on a mission to "re-create and thus save the human race from certain extinction," is really a one-time male homosexual who became a woman under surgery in Copenhagen. The punch-line to Vidal's gag — that Myra (formerly Myron) will save mankind from overpopulating itself into oblivion by returning the race to homosexuality — is obviously not to everyone's taste. But if there is something repugnant about Updike's solemn adulterers, then to Vidal there is something very repulsive in the whole set of Updike ideals about sex. In joyfully affronting these ideals, Vidal may really mean to help "re-create the sexes" by knocking down the shaky remains of the Protestant sexual code.

In *Cocksure* Mordecai Richler proves that he will go anywhere any time for the sake of a joke. His loosely constructed account of Mortimer, the sexually insecure WASP Canadian in a London of arch-liberals, Jewish intellectuals, Pop art, bi-sexual movie makers, progressive schools and minority causes, has been accepted as the funniest book in English for many years. Richler gets his effects by pushing fashionable absurdities to their logical limits — the kids at a London progressive school perform de Sade's *Philosophy in the Bedroom* as a Christmas play, complete with defloration. Some of the book's funniest moments come in Mortimer's affair with Polly, a movie addict who lives life as a film script, cutting straight from the first moves of love-making to the sheet-rumpled aftermath.

As a satirist Richler is able to have his fun both ways by using four-letter words and situations to send up the apostles of this very kind of realism — as he does in the creation of Jewish intellectual Ziggy Spicehandler, director of the New Wave film *Different*. *Cocksure* seems like a drawerful of crazy ideas strung together against the background of Swinging London. Some people may be bothered by the use of distinctly American idioms against the English background. But this hasn't bothered most British critics, one of whom said the book could make any humorist's reputation. What *Cocksure* has in common with Vidal's book, but not Updike's, is that the society he is ridiculing has sex too much on its mind. He proves, to me anyway, that a pinch of real satire is worth bucketloads of moralizing any day.

TELEVISION

By Douglas Marshall

The inexplicable fascination of the boob tube's most fatuous hour

As The Prisoner McGoohan was good

NEVER AGAIN. Every spring I make the same private vow about the Oscar and Emmy awards on television. Never again will I sit for two and a half hours at a stretch watching Hollywood heap unctuous honors on itself. The awards are all rigged, I tell myself, and the presentation ceremonies are farragoes of tasteless glamour and excruciating vanity. Who really cares who got the vote for "outstanding continued performance by an actress in a supporting role in a comedy"? And yet every year, like millions of other viewers, I somehow find myself yoked to the set by these oxymoronic spectacles. When the final envelope is ripped open and the orchestra is playing *No Business Like Show Business* for the one hundred and last tearful time I'm still there. Yawning and cursing, maybe, but there.

This year's Oscar ceremonies, conducted in the shade of Martin Luther King's assassination, seemed even more fatuous and pretentious than usual. The Academy was dispensing Oscars like conscience money to everybody and everything remotely connected with civil rights. Bob Hope wound up the proceedings with a tortured attempt to find common themes in the dreams "of the men who make motion pictures and the man from Atlanta." Stepin Fetchit must have been giggling all the way to the soup kitchen.

Note, incidentally, that term "motion picture." Movies apparently are for the masses, film is for the artist, cinema is for the connoisseur. But when Hollywood stands on its dignity every year it is always to honor the quaint and stately medium known as motion pictures. Edison lives.

The Emmy awards show is still two weeks away as I write this (CTV, May 19), but there's no advance indication the ceremonies will be anything other than the charming fiasco presented in previous years. It won't be who wins that counts but whom we'll *see*. And since the awards shows are among the few remaining TV shows broadcast live, there's a chance we'll see some starlet trip over her maxi-skirt or Frank Sinatra take a swing at somebody.

The Emmy show tends to mark the end of the incredible shrinking TV season (now down to 26 weeks instead of the 39 of five years ago) and the beginning of the long excursion into reruns. Glancing back at the American and British shows carried in Canada during the last season — and without for a minute attempting to pit my judgment against the collective wisdom of the Emmy panel — it seems to me there were only five in the popular entertainment category that stood out above the general run of sludge.

The first and funniest was *He and She* on the CBC, a domestic-comedy series so hilariously in tune with the times that, naturally, the American network that produced it (CBS) is currently debating whether to risk giving it a second season. That figures. The beauty of *He and She* (be sure to watch the reruns if you missed the first showings) lies in the witty scripts and the perfect underplaying of the five regular characters. One of them, a diminutive Mr. Break-it janitor called Andrew, sometimes reaches the heights of comedy last scaled by Charlie Chaplin.

He and She's chief protagonists are a with-it young couple played by lovely, willowy Paula Prentiss and her real-life husband Richard Benjamin. Their humor derives from mutual understanding laced with sarcasm and Benjamin has a dead-pan throwaway technique that is perfect television.

The other four top shows in my list were *I Spy*, *The Avengers*, *Star Trek* and, in a class by itself, *The Prisoner* — all carried by CTV. *I Spy* won't be on the air next season, so addicts who dote on the easy dialogue between dilettante agents Robert Culp and Bill Cosby should catch their final appearance on the summer reruns.

Meanwhile *The Avengers* continues its own fascinating experiments with scientific absurdity. Steed's newest helpmate, Canada's Linda Thorson, is still too much of the ingenue for my taste but no doubt she will soon learn to roll with the kinks like Diana Rigg. *Star Trek* remains the most imaginative science-fiction drama ever produced on TV. True, the gimmick of discovering a Nazi or a Roman society on some far-distant world crops up a little too often. But the only continuing fault I can find with the series is a solecism in the introduction. Every week a voice tells us that the Star Ship *Enterprise* has been commissioned "to boldly go where no man has gone before." On second thought perhaps that split infinitive is a deliberate symbol.

The Prisoner, created by and starring the cool Patrick McGoohan of *Danger Man* fame, was the season's only major creative breakthrough. The plot concerned a retired British secret agent incarcerated on a mysterious island. At first glance the series seemed to be a confusing exercise in surrealistic fantasy. But later it proved to have a beautiful internal logic all its own and it managed to generate a tension that most realistic TV dramas lack.

McGoohan made 17 episodes of *The Prisoner* but because of production delays CTV showed only 13 of them last fall. However, the CBS network in the United States is showing the full series this summer. Canadians who can pick up U.S. stations will finally be able to learn how McGoohan came to terms with his island prison and his captors.

CTV's courage in even scheduling something as experimental as *The Prisoner* deserves full credit. The private network has sometimes been treated harshly in this column. It will continue to be so treated if the Canadian-made fare it dishes out remains on *The Pig and Whistle* level of entertainment. On the other hand there is no doubt that CTV regularly purchases better shows from Britain and the U.S. than the CBC does. Last season, on my reckoning, CTV outranked the CBC on imports by four to one. The catch is that other countries' shows, while they may please advertisers, do nothing at all for TV in Canada. In terms of original production outside of public affairs, CTV is still very much No. 2 — and it doesn't even try harder.

MOVIES

By Arthur Zeldin

Peter Sellers' slapstick: an old joke but an old joke told well

FILM COMEDY, I am becoming convinced, is just an old loony bird which keeps on re-shuffling its feathers.

I mean, can there actually be anything really new, after all those years of silent slapstick, that is both satirically edged and just plain chaotic? I'm thinking of the kind of comedy purveyed by the likes of Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd and Sennett, of the great vaudeville routines and inverted pyramids of one-liners brought to the screen by the Marx Brothers; of the haughty abandon and burlesque-style sex as delivered by W. C. Fields and Mae West; of the deftly framed social satires as literately presented by Preston Sturges, of the hellzapoppin' zaniness exploded by Olsen and Johnson, Laurel and Hardy, Martin and Lewis.

Take, for instance, the New Wavish work of the Beatles and their film mentor, director Richard Lester. Wasn't the best of their films essentially a matter of adapting old slapstick, as seen through the speeded-up tempo of modern projectors, into new frames, of cutting up old sight gags as photographed in "new" documentary-style black-and-white grain or glorious Technicolor, and putting them back together again in a "new" visual jig-saw puzzle with slightly more abstract contours? Sure, the dialogue changed, along with the music, it sounded different, more hip than anything we'd ever heard before. But the *impulses* behind the dialogue went way back to the very first time a flip adolescent appeared as a character in a movie comedy. And that was at least a generation ago.

Or take for a more current example the work of Blake Edwards, a Hollywood writer-producer-director who has made a specialty of comedy during the past five years. His *The Pink Panther* (1963) and *A Shot In The Dark* (1964) were mystery situation comedies whose roots could likely be traced back to the days of *The Thin Man* series, if not further. And certainly much of the substance of those two films depended on the caricaturist talents that Peter Sellers had brought from his old *Goon Show* days on British radio. Nobody minded the glibness of those films, they were eminently forgettable, but amusing.

In his next two pictures, *The Great Race* (1965) and *What Did You Do In The War Daddy?* (1966) Edwards left no doubt as to where he had reached for his inspiration. Or perhaps *dipped* would be a better way of putting it. Edwards went all the way back to the original holocausts of pie-in-the-face slapstick and indulged himself to the point of producing some of the most frantically mistimed, wasteful, infuriating film it has ever been my displeasure to see.

Now his latest effort, *The Party*, is on view at neighborhood theatres across the country. And offhandedly, *The Party* really seems like a clear-cut case of Edwards doing the loony bird shuffle: Peter Sellers from his 1963 and 1964 movies plus the slapstick from his 1965 and 1966 movies, all to the tune of good old, tried-and-true Henry Mancini.

However, I am glad to report that this time, most of the slapstick works most of the time. Since 1966, Edwards has obviously learned a great deal about how to pace slapstick, how to build its momentum and how to restrain it. In fact, he has learned enough about slapstick to have created a film which progresses not by plot or dialogue but primarily by the sequence of its gags. And that's a tour de force even if somebody else (namely Chaplin) did provide the original model.

As for Sellers, he too seems to have caught onto Edwards' new spirit of discipline. He plays an innocent — an East Indian actor whose simplicity, relative to the complexities of American technology, causes him first to blow up the set of the movie he is working in, and then, by virtue of an accidental invitation, to destroy bit by bit the blasé slickness of a party held in the gadget-bedecked mansion of a Hollywood movie mogul.

Once you accept the flowery linguistics with which Sellers imitates his character, you'll find he's giving a rather lovely, quiet comic performance. It's not so much what he does that's uproarious; it's simply that most everything he casually touches turns into comic gold.

At the same time, he begins a charming romance with a French starlet who is a guest at the party, an ingenue played with refreshing grace by Claudine Longet. And the sweetness of this romance provides the basis for comparison by which Edwards lightheartedly satirizes the party's other guests and functionaries as well as an ending which strikes one of the least synthetic notes to be found in any of Edwards' elaborate productions. The result of all this is a film which is still not always classically funny, but one which invariably comes across with the good-natured mood implied by its title.

Of course, comedy and romance have always gone hand in hand. Indeed, Hollywood in its typical fashion has made a separate formula out of the romantic or latterly the sex situation comedy. The latest to come out of the mill is *How To Save A Marriage And Ruin Your Life*, starring Dean Martin and Stella Stevens.

This type of picture usually succeeds to the extent that it is dominated by a woman of considerable talent — with the singular exception of the appearances of Cary Grant, who has made an art out of playing this field. Late-night TV informs me, for instance, that Carole Lombard was an actress whose aura of loveliness, intelligence and fire illuminated any trifle she was in; recently, Audrey Hepburn, Sophia Loren, Susannah York and, yes, even (in her own way) Doris Day.

In this light the truly disappointing thing about *How To Save*, etc. is not particularly the fact that it's an atrociously contrived sex situation comedy — that's almost taken for granted these days — nor the fact that Dean Martin is atrocious in it, but the fact that as the female lead, Stella Stevens emerges as a complete and lacquered nothing.

In a couple of her earlier pictures, notably *The Silencers* with Dean Martin and *Band Of Gold* with Glenn Ford, Miss Stevens indicated that besides having a *Playboy*-type body, she just might have been an up-and-coming comedienne of Carole Lombard-Lucille Ball-Kay Kendall caliber, with a capacity also for serious roles. As of this picture, which she allows to collapse, it seems as if we might as well forget about all that. A pity.

THE CONTEST

All together now: "More Canadians pay taxes to Drapeau – Dum dee dum dee dum . . ."

CONTEST NO. 28

Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal may not be able to advertise his lottery-like "voluntary tax" scheme as widely as he'd like to in the daily press, and perhaps the answer is to beam radio commercials at prospective — uh, taxpayers — throughout the purer regions of North America.

With such a campaign in mind *Maclean's* invites readers to compose suitable singing commercials plugging the Drapeau scheme. Simply pick any well-known tune (one already in use as a singing commercial, if you like) and write no more than four lines of lyrics for it. Be sure to name the tune to which your lyrics are set. Make sure your entry reaches The Yellow Pages Contest, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., no later than June 26. Our top prize is $25 — a little lower than Drapeau is offering, but the odds are better here.

CONTEST NO. 26

Readers were asked to compose lurid, racy or ultra-dramatic blurbs of 25 words or less for the dustjackets of well-known but prosaic books. They came through, we thought, with a cunning sense of *double entendre* that would bring a warm praise and an unaccustomed smile of approval from even some of the flint-hearted publishers of our acquaintance. First prize of $25 goes to S. J. Potts of Port Credit, Ont., for:

> A BIZARRE WORLD IN WHICH
> INTERCOURSE PRECEDES
> INTRODUCTION . . . PLEASURE
> FOLLOWS PERVERSION . . .
> BEATING IS FOLLOWED
> BY BESTIALITY!
> READ FOR YOURSELF
> THE WHOLE STORY OF "O"!

— The Concise
Oxford English Dictionary

Runner-up prizes of $15 each go to Suzanne Davidson, Toronto, and D. L. Tittemore, Banff, Alta., for:

> SHE LAY NAKED — THE
> EMPTY BOTTLE DISCARDED
> — AND WATCHED WARILY
> AS HE APPROACHED THE
> BED. "HI, BABY!"
> HE BEGAN . . .

— Dr. Spock's
Baby and Child Care

And, for the same book:

> HIS EYES SHONE WITH
> GREEDY IMPATIENT
> DESIRE. SLOWLY SHE
> LOOSENED HER BLOUSE,
> KNOWING SHE HAD NO
> CHOICE BUT TO GIVE
> HERSELF TO HIM AGAIN . . .

CHECKLISTINGS

TELEVISION

✓ **The Champions** Replacing Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In* for the summer, beginning June 9, this British-made series offers a couple of family new wrinkles in spy stories of the *Uncle* genre the title characters (below) are three defenders of the international Good who have sharpened their senses — all six of them — to computer efficiency. Which could be even funnier than Rowan and Martin. (CTV Sundays 10 p.m. EDT.)

✓ **Luther:** Robert Shaw plays the title role and Robert Morley stars as Pope Leo X, in John Osborne's epic drama of the fiery 16th century religious rebel. A 90-minute color version of the play which won the New York Drama Critics Award and the Antoinette Perry Award as best play of the year on Broadway in 1963. (CTV, Sun. June 2, 8.30 p.m. EDT.)

✓ **Election coverage:** CTV will deal with candidates and issues in the June 25 federal election in at least four specials 9 p.m. Sundays June 9, 16 and 23, and 10.30 p.m. Mon. June 17, all times EDT. CBC its plans less definite at press time, promised an array of TV and radio specials involving candidates issues, polls and expert and public comment culminating in a pre-election wrap-up on TV Sunday evening, June 23.

✓ **Wayne and Shuster Comedy Special:** In their last show of the season, W&S parody an old thriller, in *Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde*, and the inevitable Professor Waynegartner poses as Canada's chief coach of the 1968 Olympic team. (CBC, Mon., June 10, 8 p.m., EDT.)

BOOKS

✓ **News and the Southams** by Charles Bruce (Macmillan, $9.95). Former printer's apprentice William Southam and his progeny parlayed a half interest in the Hamilton *Spectator* into a Canadian press-and-broadcasting empire second only to Roy Thomson's. They did it without demonstrating the murderous drive that made Lord Thomson a biographer's dream, so that the best parts of Bruce's 420-page, exhaustively documented study are concerned not with the Southams' business machinations, but with the news of the day as covered in the Southam press. Read as fragmented mini-history, nothing is livelier than the day before yesterday's headlines.

✓ **The Triumph** by John Kenneth Galbraith (Thomas Allen, $5.95). It's no secret that when John Kenneth Galbraith was U.S. Ambassador to India, he was exasperated by the bureaucracy of the U.S. State Department. He gets his revenge in this political fable, his first attempt at fiction. It's about the panic in State when an anti-Communist Latin American dictator is overthrown by reformers. The satiric jabs at Washington's neurotic anti-Communism are hardly dulled by Galbraith's deficiencies as a novelist.

✓ **Horses with Blindfolds** by John Reid (Longmans, $5.95). John Reid can't seem to make up his mind whether he's Ernest Hemingway in Spain or William Faulkner in the Deep South. Actually, he's a zillion miles from either in this first novel. His subject is a 59 year-old Toronto WASP who settles in a small Spanish town to forget his grief after the death of his second wife. The story of his life and of what happens to him in Spain, is only slightly more interesting than a Honey Dew menu.

✓ **Saskatchewan** by Edward McCourt (Macmillan, $6.50). Easterners who tend to think of Saskatchewan as a flat slab of prairie garnished with wheat will be pleasantly enlightened by Edward McCourt's soft-sell guided tour. McCourt (below), who teaches English at the University of Saskatchewan, rambles amiably from south to north, from past to present, as he attempts to make his province more meaningful for potential tourists.

This is the first of a new Macmillan series called *The Traveller's Canada*.

✓ **The Swallower Swallowed** by Rejean Ducharme (Hamish Hamilton, $6.50). This is the novel that, as *L'Avalée des avalés*, won a Governor-General's Award last year for Ducharme, a shy young man who lives "somewhere in Montreal." Its narrator is Bernice Einberg, a nerveless nine year-old hellcat who hates both her Catholic mother and her Jewish father. The novel loses something of its fizzing quality in this English translation, but enough of Ducharme's wild, nervous style remains to show that he has real talent, wherever he is.

MOVIES

✓ **No Way To Treat A Lady** Rod Steiger gives a better performance in this mediocre film than he did in *In The Heat Of The Night* — which is the huge irony of his Oscar as best actor. Here he plays a mama-obsessed psychopath who goes around killing motherly women until tracked down by a Jewish cop (George Segal) who also has a mama problem. The film's mixture of suspense and comedy works well, thanks mainly to the charm of Lee Remick (with Steiger above) as the cop's girlfriend.

☐ **Planet of the Apes:** An exciting premise for science-fiction drama — a group of astronauts starring Charlton Heston lands on a planet where the apes are kings and the men are kept in zoos — quickly turns into a deadly dull "message" picture and slowly peters out from there. Scriptwriter Rod Serling *(Twilight Zone)* and cohorts demonstrate that, in science-fiction, the sum of cliché hindsight plus childish foresight plus little insight is merely monkey business.

✓ **The Secret War of Harry Frigg** Paul Newman breaks away from his Big H roles (*Hud*, *The Hustler*, *Hombre*, etc.) to give a comedy performance which barely saves this ridiculously gimmicky POW-camp farce.

✓ **The Scalphunters.** Ossie Davis plays an educated runaway Negro slave from an aristocratic Louisiana plantation, Burt Lancaster is the brusque, white backwoodsman who learns through a series of adventurous and humorous ups and downs, to care for him like a brother. In other words, a liberal western, marked by many of the insights and most of the clichés such a label implies.

RECORDS

✓ **Joni Mitchell.** Her first LP, titled simply with her own name, is dedicated to one of her Saskatoon high school teachers, "Mr. Kratzman, who taught me to love words." Her love affair with the language is beautifully evident in the lyrics of the folk-like songs she has written for this recording. And the words are well matched by pleasing melodic construction. Her voice is clear and strong, the production a work of art. (Reprise, RS 6293)

✓ **The Gentle Country Sound of George Hamilton IV** Not to be confused with the actor and former White House hanger-on, this Nashville star demonstrates that country music doesn't have to be all honky-tonk songs about slippin' around. He sings valid musical statements in the easy manner of 1968 New-Country. (RCA Victor, LSP 3962)

✓ **There Are But Four Small Faces** is the weird name of a group as well as the title of this album of mild mannered rock including *Itchycoo Park* and other fluffy fare. Their singing is commendably audible over the pulsating electronics and the arrangements are pleasant. (Immediate, Z12 52 002)

✓ **Vincebus Eruptum** (Blue Cheer). Obsessed with electronic distorted dissonance and content with musical mediocrities, this group, despite its name, produces no cheer whatever and is likely to leave most listeners blue only with boredom. But there's a limit to everything, and even the vocalists themselves surely wouldn't describe their rough voiced shouting as singing. (Philips, PHS 600-264)

✓ **Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits, Volume II.** It was sock-it-to-em time when Aretha turned out these 10 Soulful performances. A hard driving orchestra sets the pace, and a large chorus supplies gospel-like fullness. In short a groove. (Columbia 9601)

✓ **The New One!** (The Buddy Rich Big Band) With 11 selections from nine arrangers (including Bill Holman and Bill Potts), Buddy's 16 men powerhouse sounds intermittently like Herman, Basie, Bob Florence and even Kenton. But all of it's good and some of it's brilliant, with Buddy's drums never over-dominant, and inspired soloists like tenorman Jay Corre riding high over the remarkably precise ensemble work. A must for big band addicts. (Pacific Jazz, ST 20126)

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